

GOLD
KEY

TOP CAT

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

TOP CAT

10004-607

JULY



SHINDIG ALLEY

Hanna-Barbera

TOP CAT

TRAVEL AGENCY

CRUISE PLANS
TO FIT ANY
POCKETBOOK.
RATES INCLUDE
LIMOUSINE
SERVICE TO PIER.

SAY,
THAT'S
FOR
US!

BUT WE
DON'T HAVE
ANY POCKET-
BOOK, T.C.!

WE DON'T NEED A POCKETBOOK,
SILLY! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO
RAISE SOME MONEY!

BOY! IT'D BE NICE TO
GET AWAY FROM IT ALL!
*NO MORE GARBAGE
CANS FOR US!*

COME ON, YOU CATS!
WE NEED MORE THAN
THIS IF WE WANT TO
TAKE A TRIP!

HOW ABOUT
THREE EMPTY
SODA
BOTTLES, T.C.?

WHAT KIND OF A
CRUISE CAN YOU GIVE
US FOR 13¢...AND
THREE EMPTY
SODA BOTTLES?

AND DON'T
FORGET THE
LIMOUSINE
SERVICE TO
THE PIER!

SEE
SOUTH
SEAS

TOUR

VISIT

I'VE GOT *JUST* THE CRUISE
FOR YOU CATS! IN FACT, IF
YOU'RE READY NOW, THE
LIMOUSINE IS ABOUT
TO LEAVE!

SOME
LIMOUSINE!

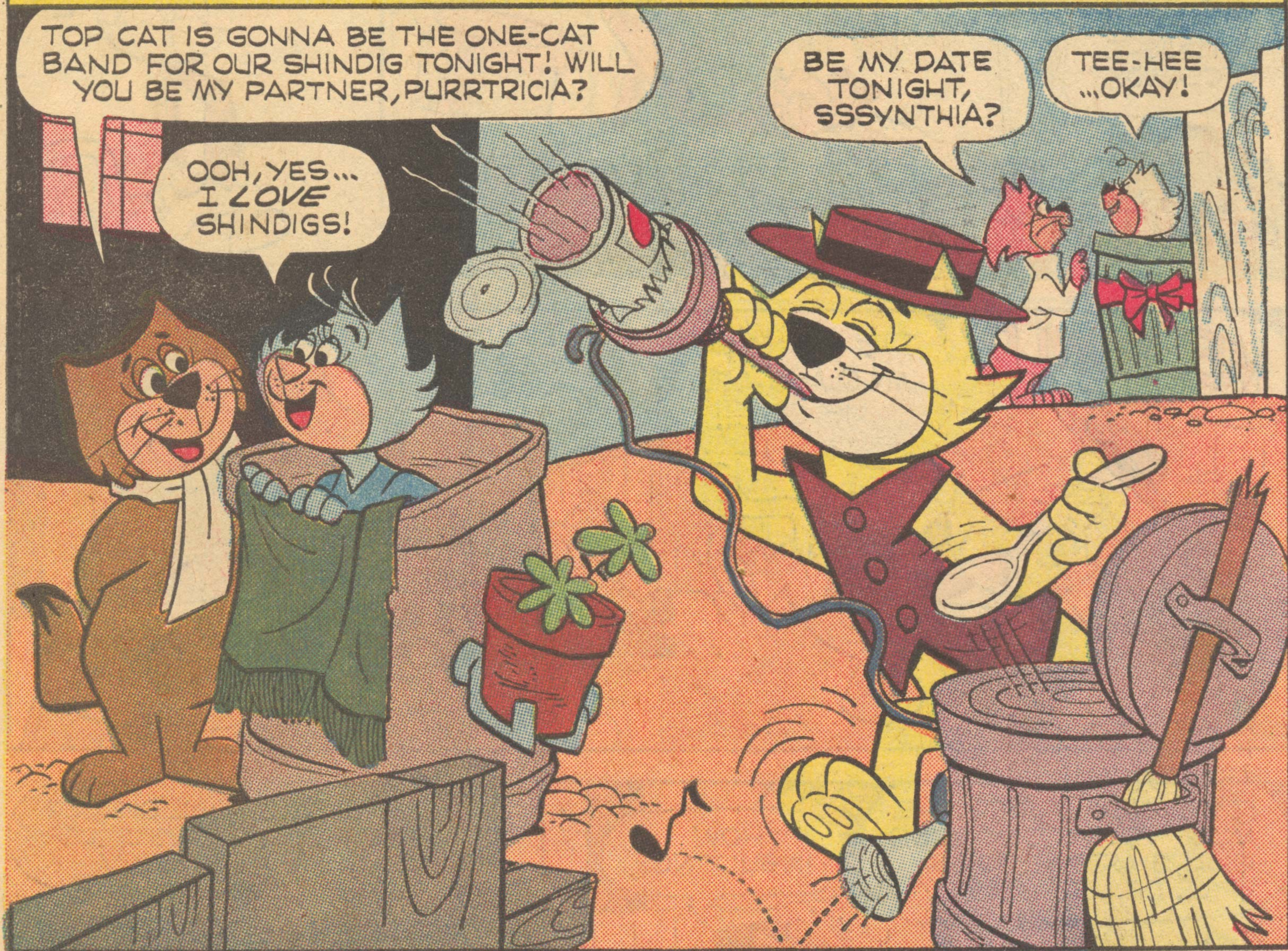
CHEER UP! WE'LL SOON
BE ON OUR CRUISE!

LET'S FACE
IT, FELLAS! WE'RE
IN A RUT!

YEAH, IF IT'S NOT
GARBAGE CANS, IT'S
GARBAGE BARGES!

Hanna-Barbera
TOP CAT

SHINDIG ALLEY

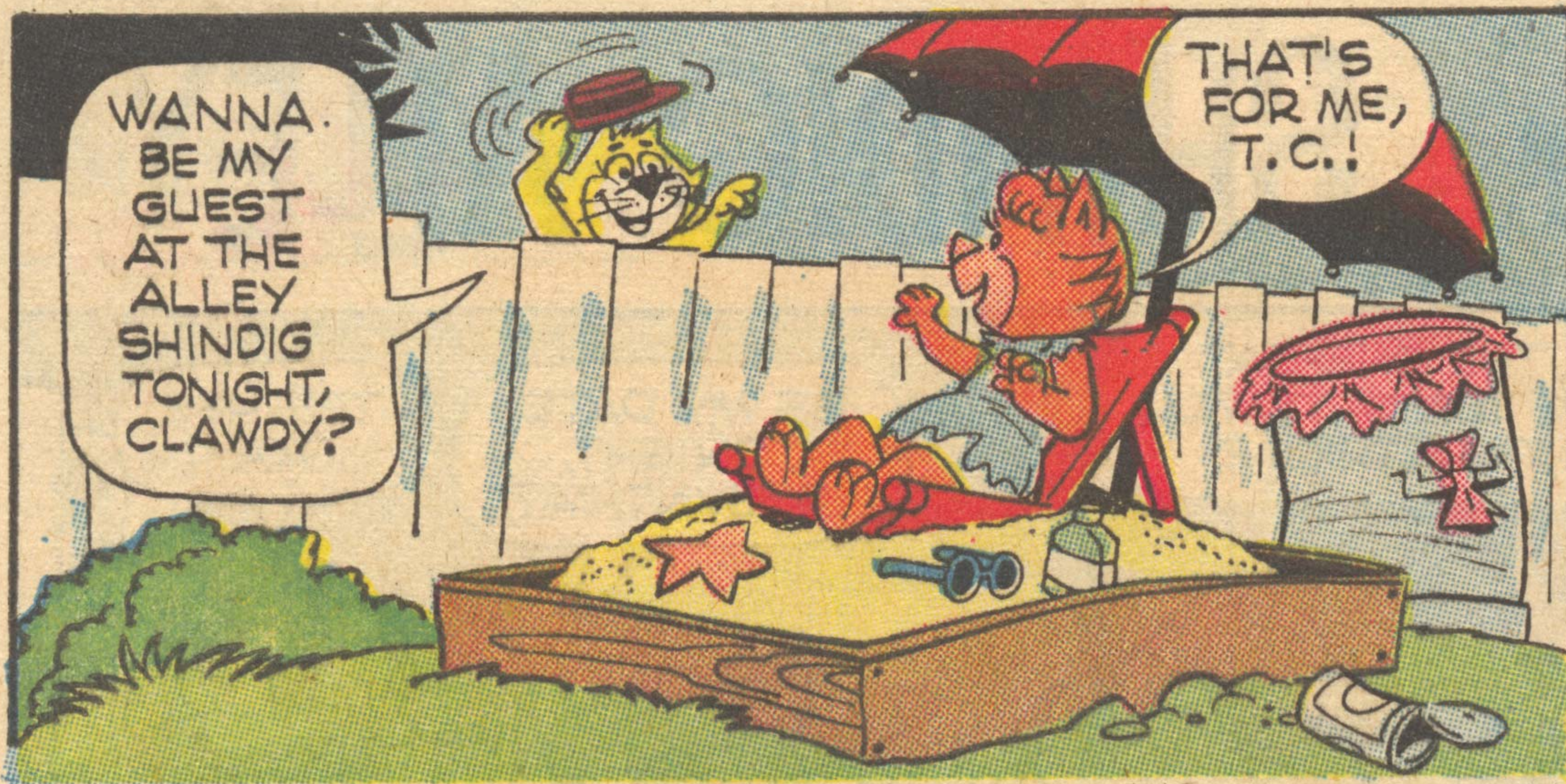


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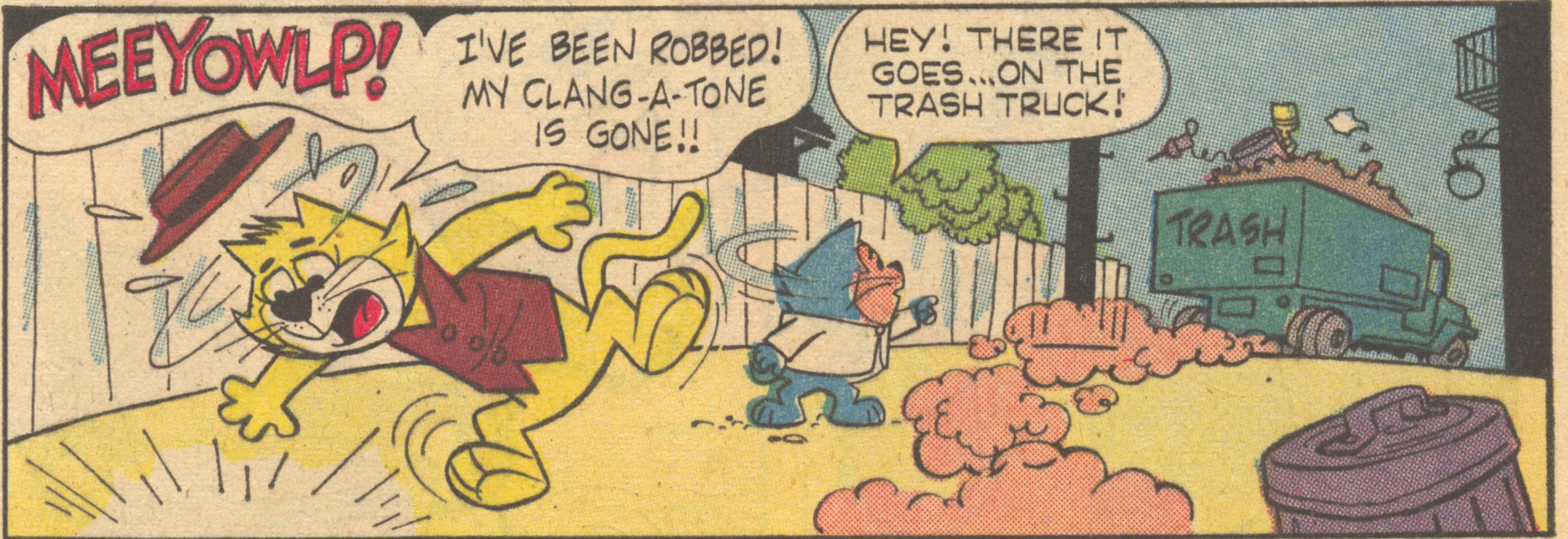
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WANNA BE MY GUEST AT THE ALLEY SHINDIG TONIGHT, CLAWDY?

THAT'S FOR ME, T.C.!

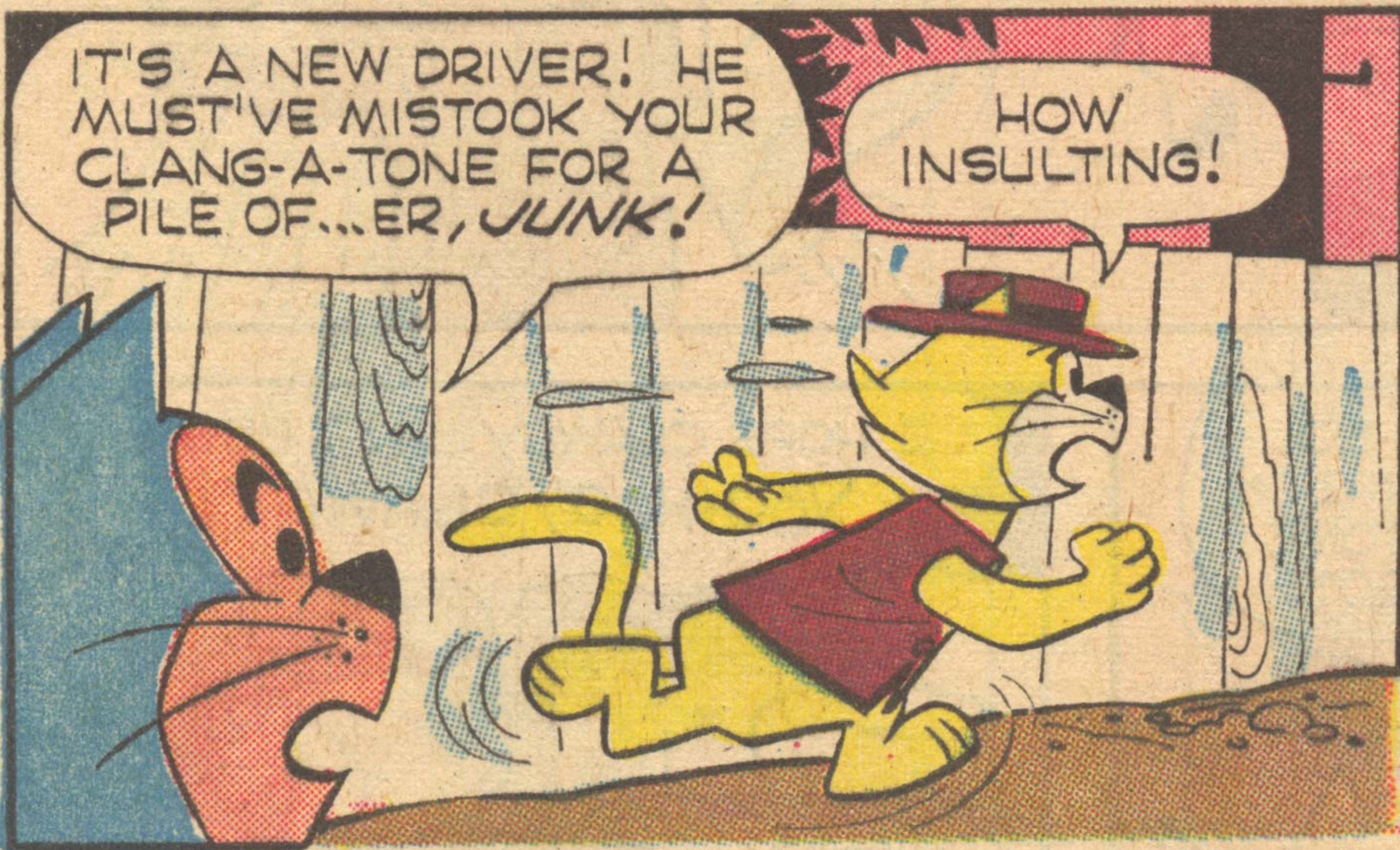
HEH! NOW BACK TO PRACTICE...



MEEYOWLP!

I'VE BEEN ROBBED! MY CLANG-A-TONE IS GONE!!

HEY! THERE IT GOES...ON THE TRASH TRUCK!

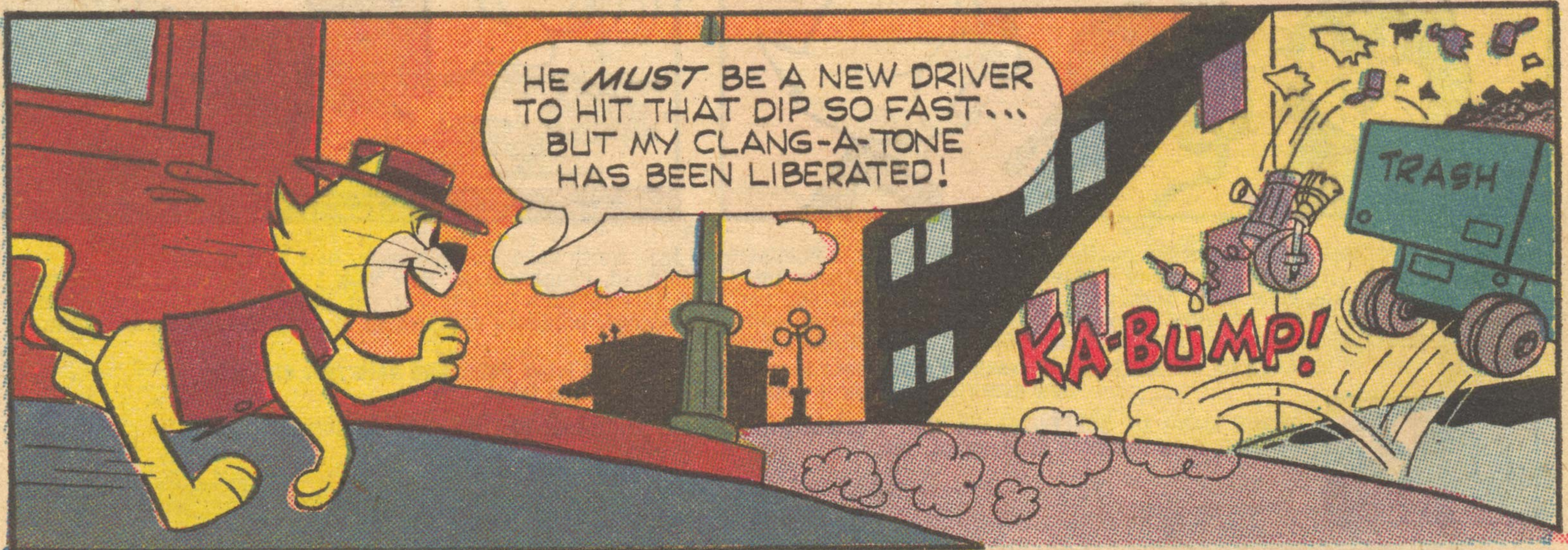


IT'S A NEW DRIVER! HE MUST'VE MISTOOK YOUR CLANG-A-TONE FOR A PILE OF...ER, JUNK!

HOW INSULTING!

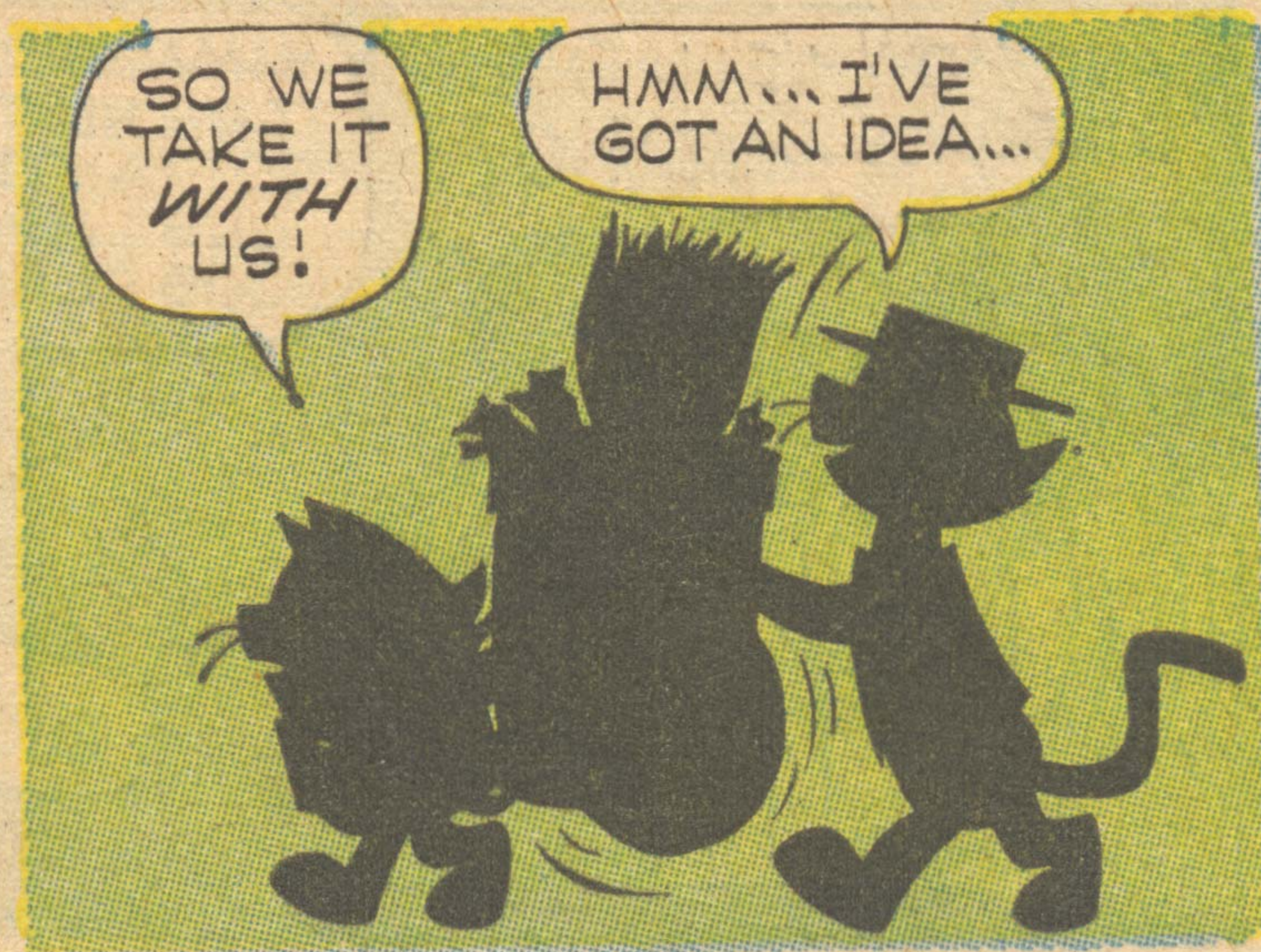
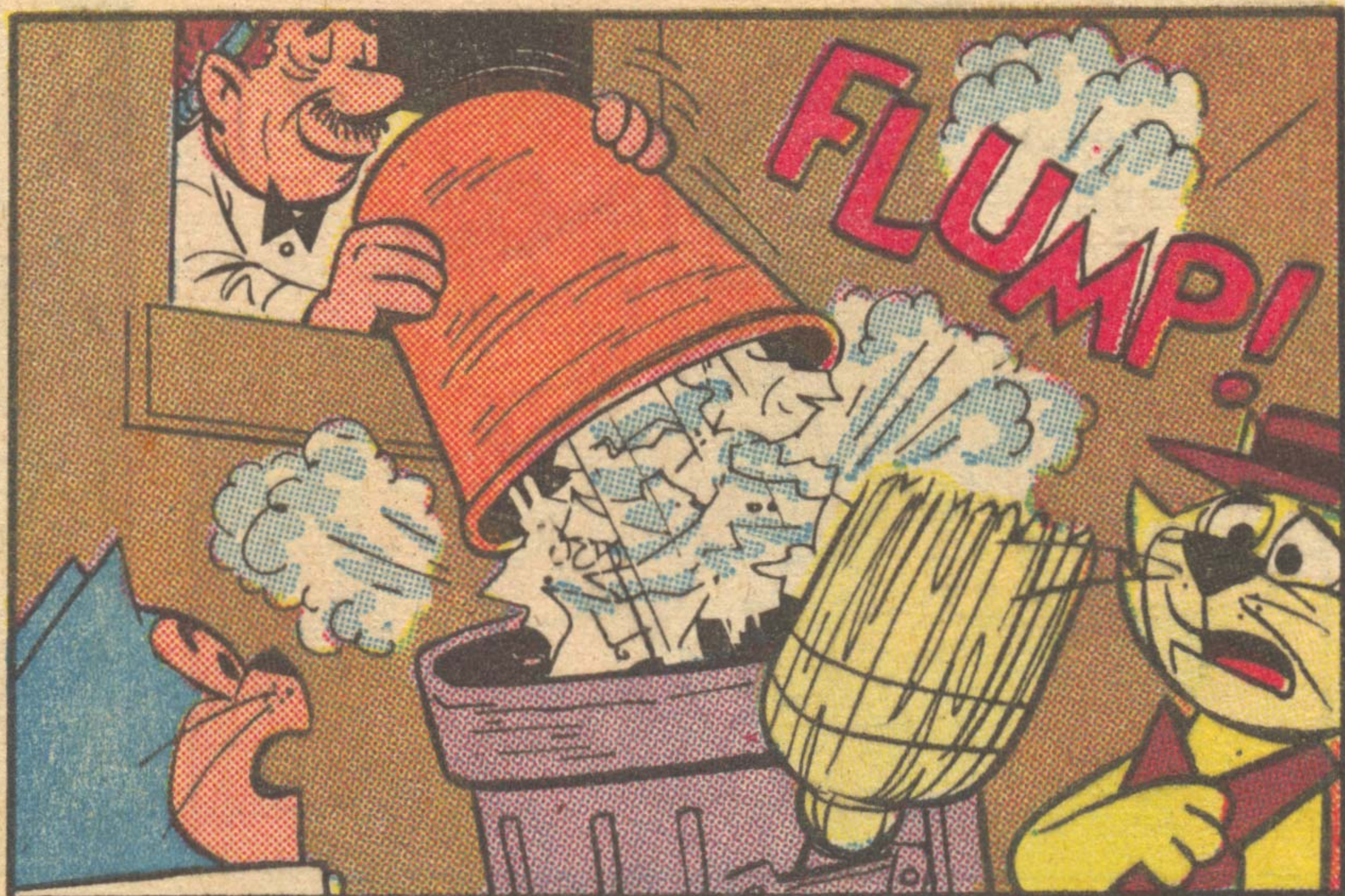
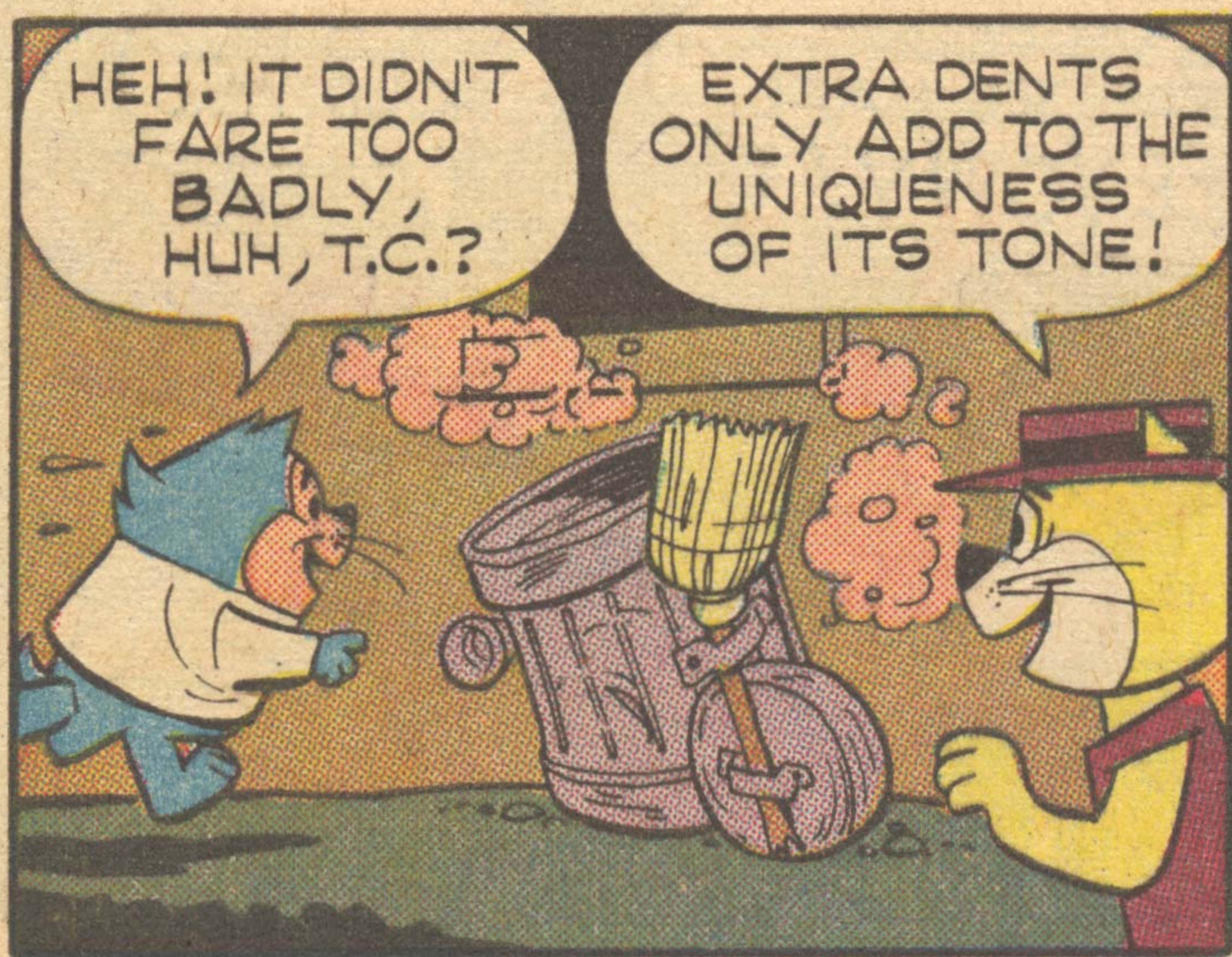


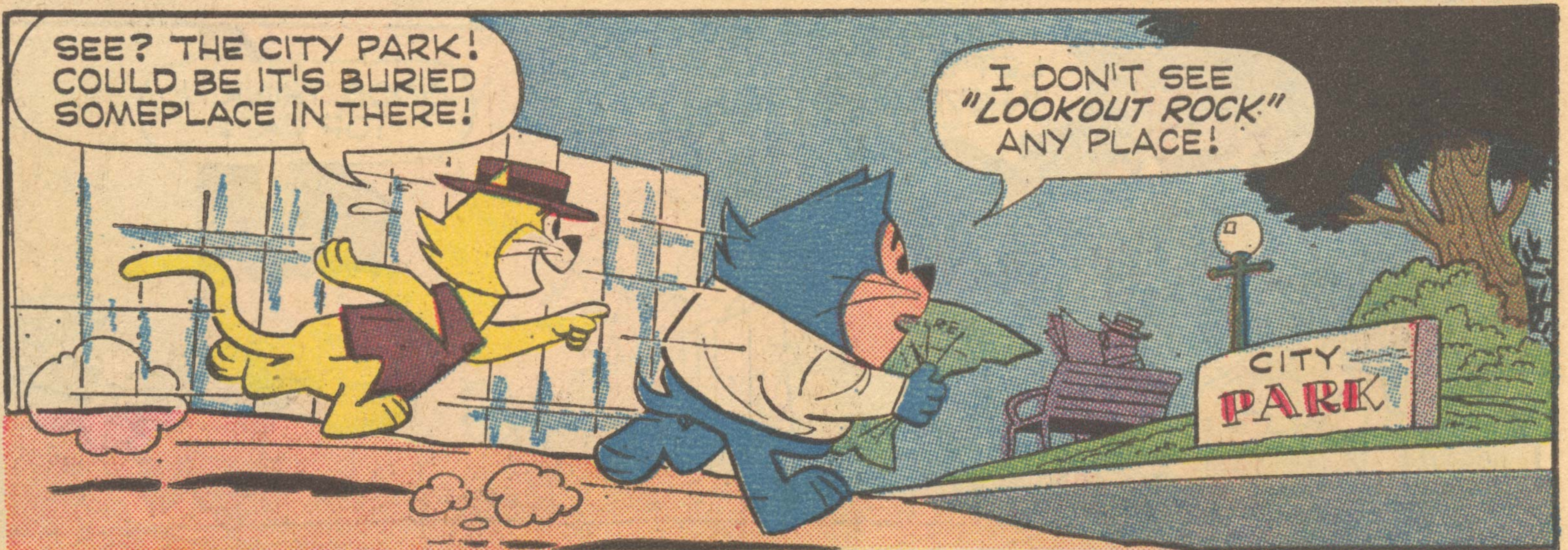
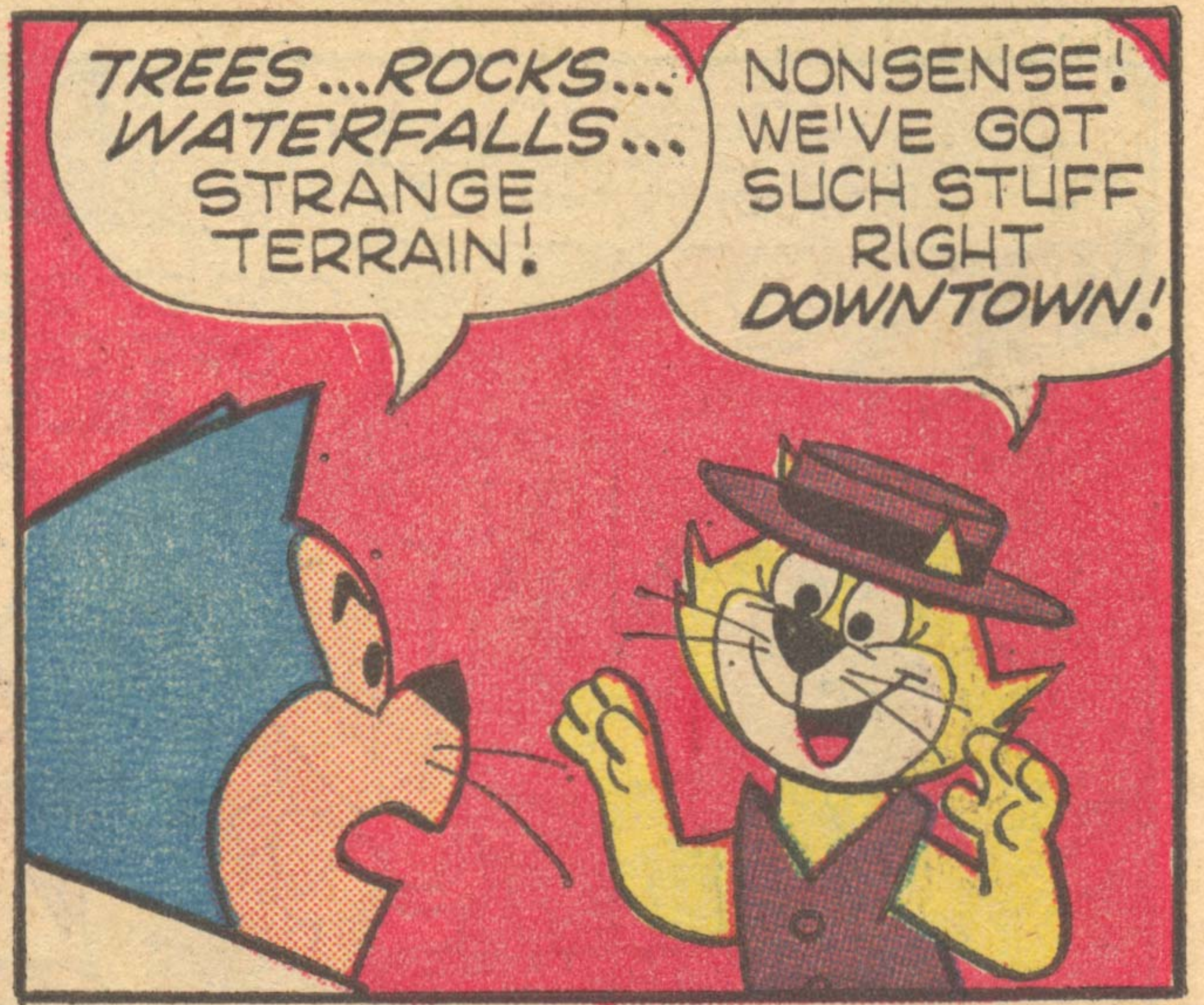
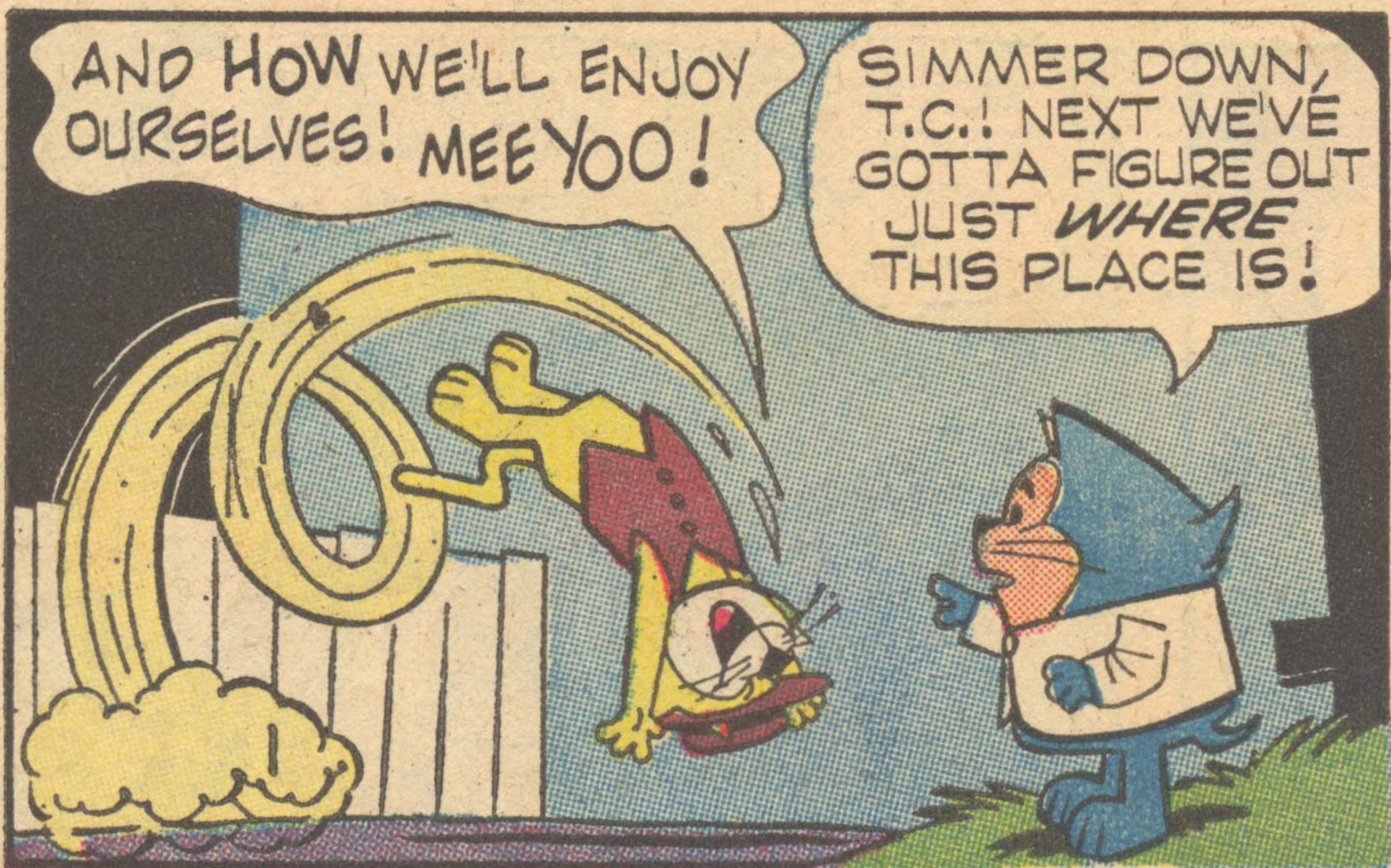
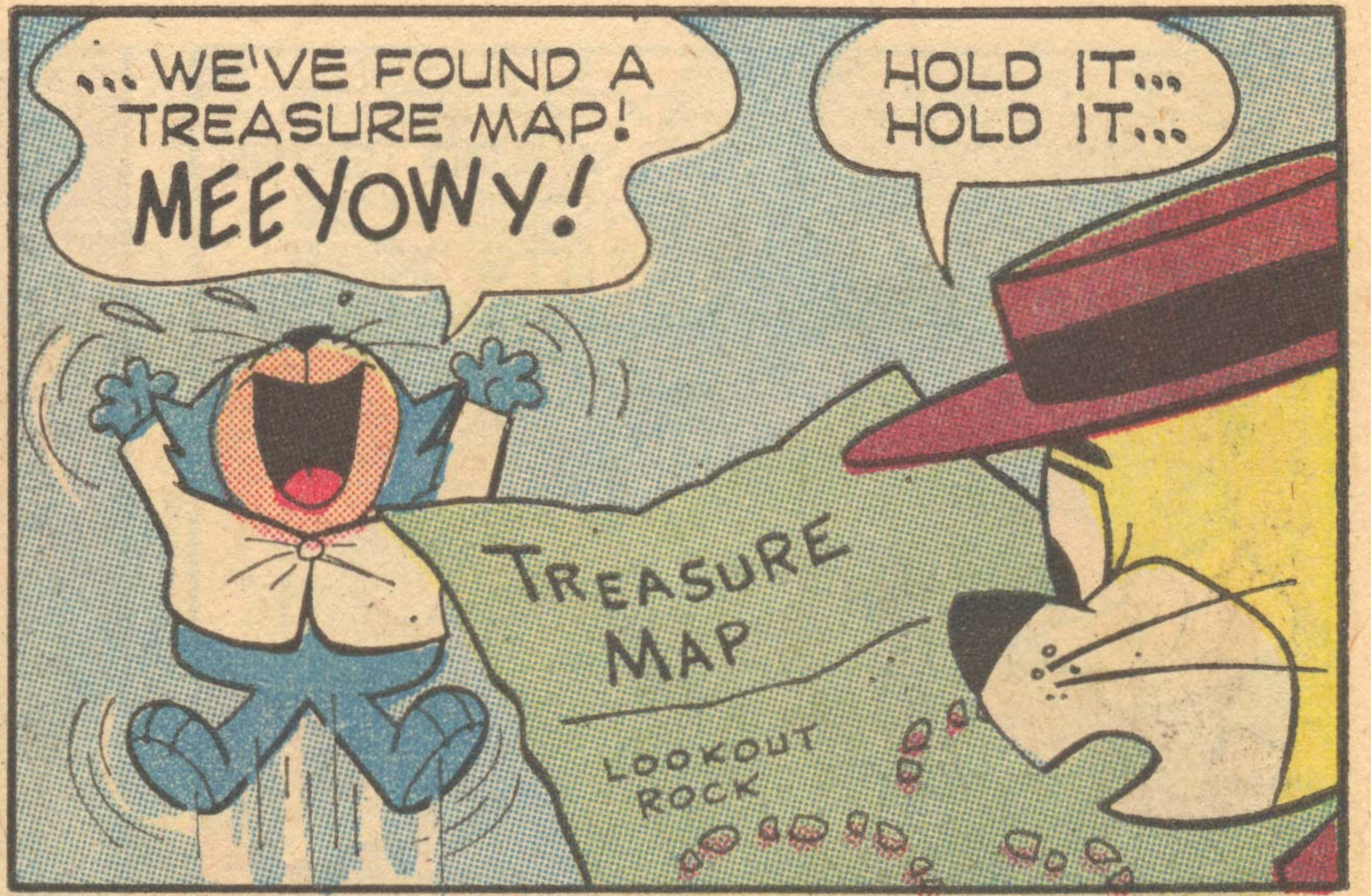
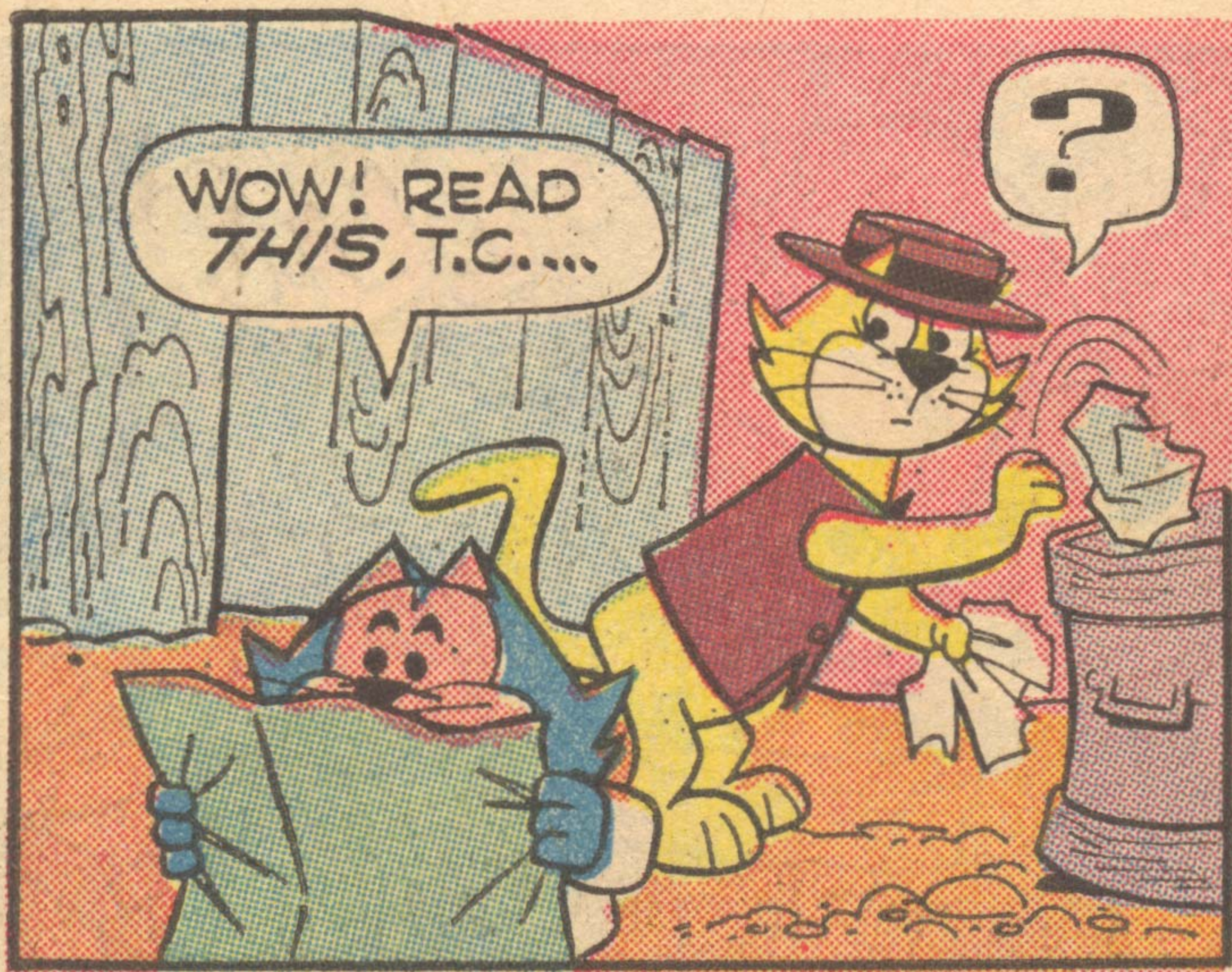
HALT! NO ONE WILL DIG OUR SHINDIG WITHOUT MUSIC! SUIP! HE'S GOING FASTER!

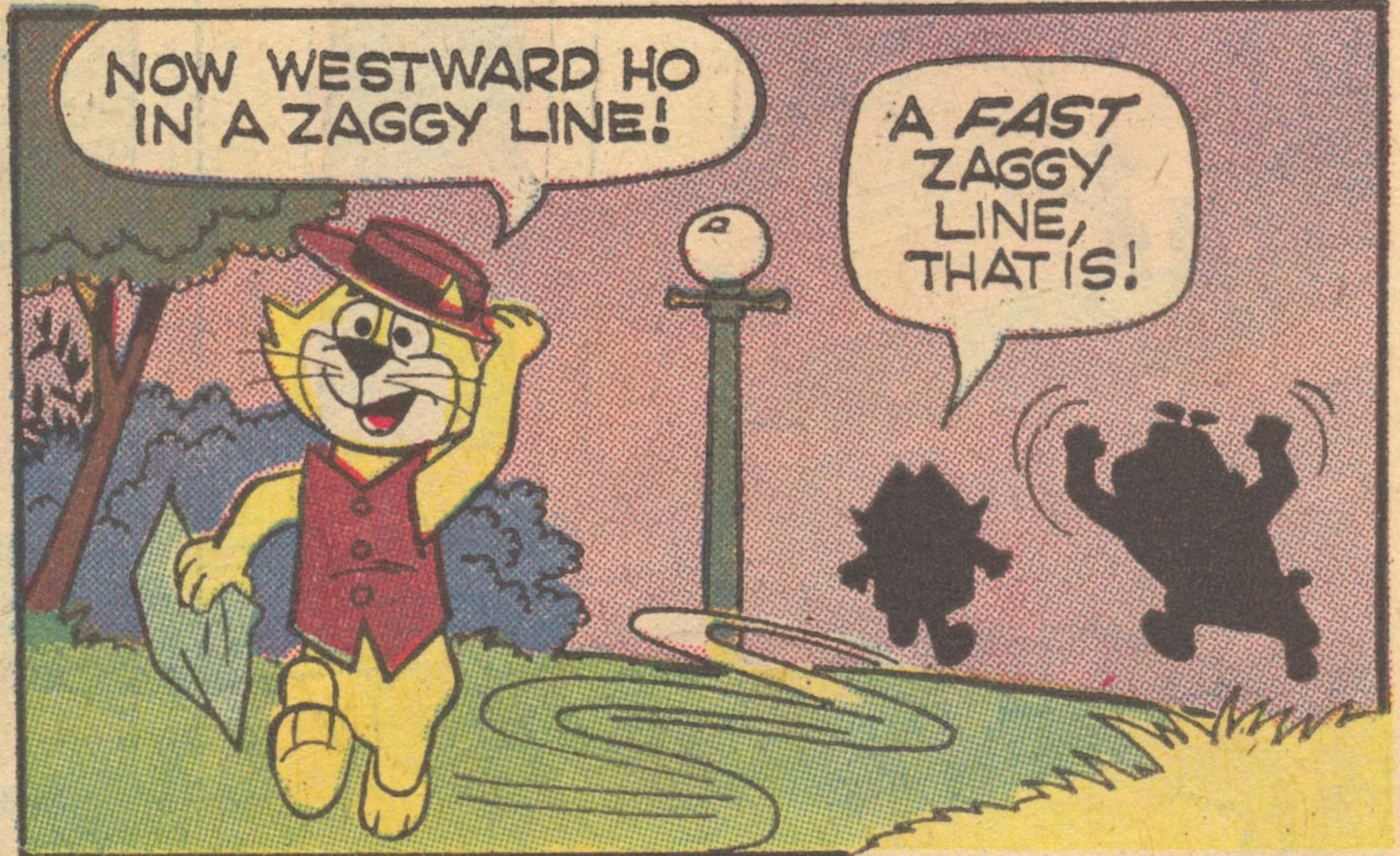
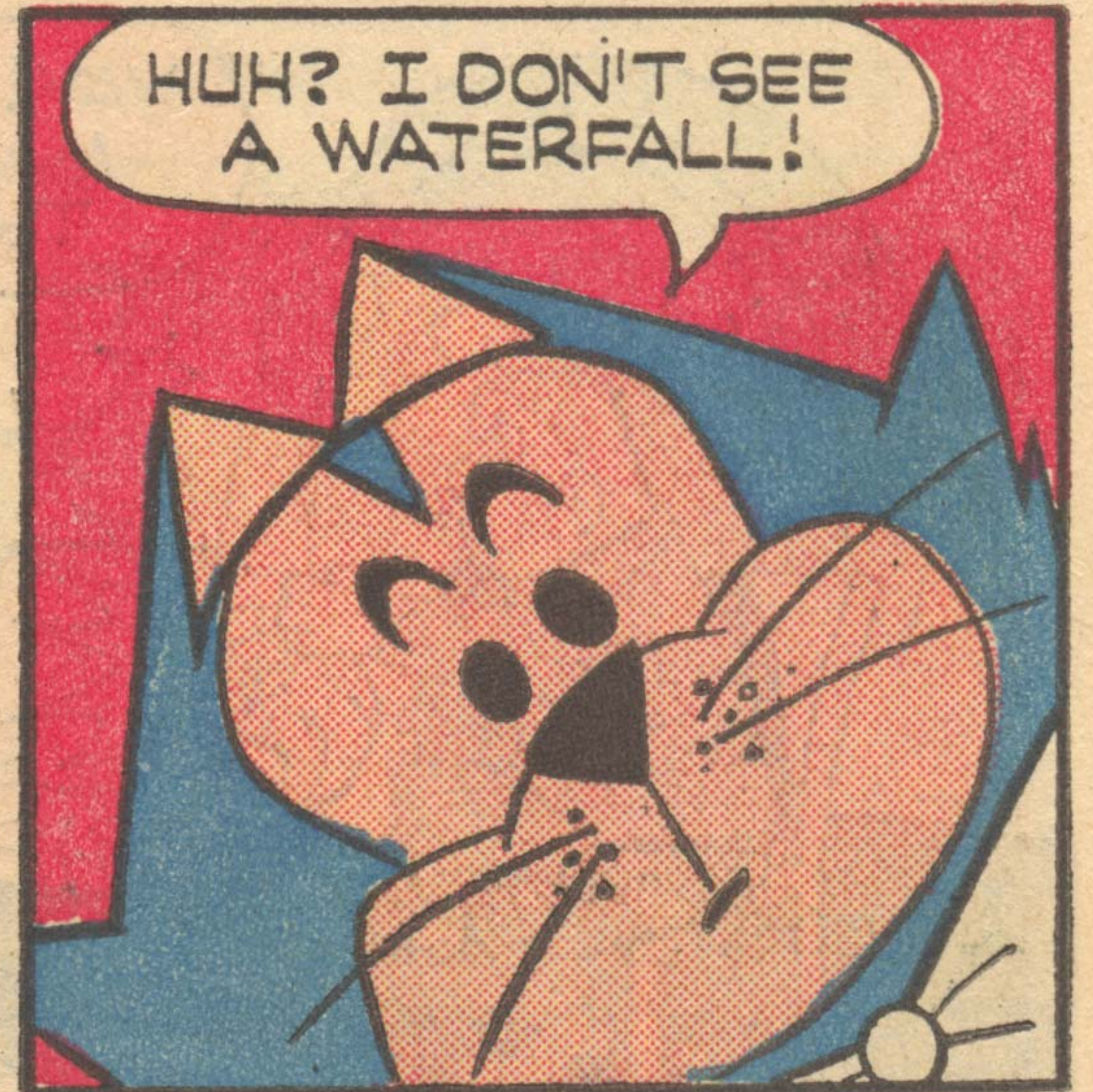
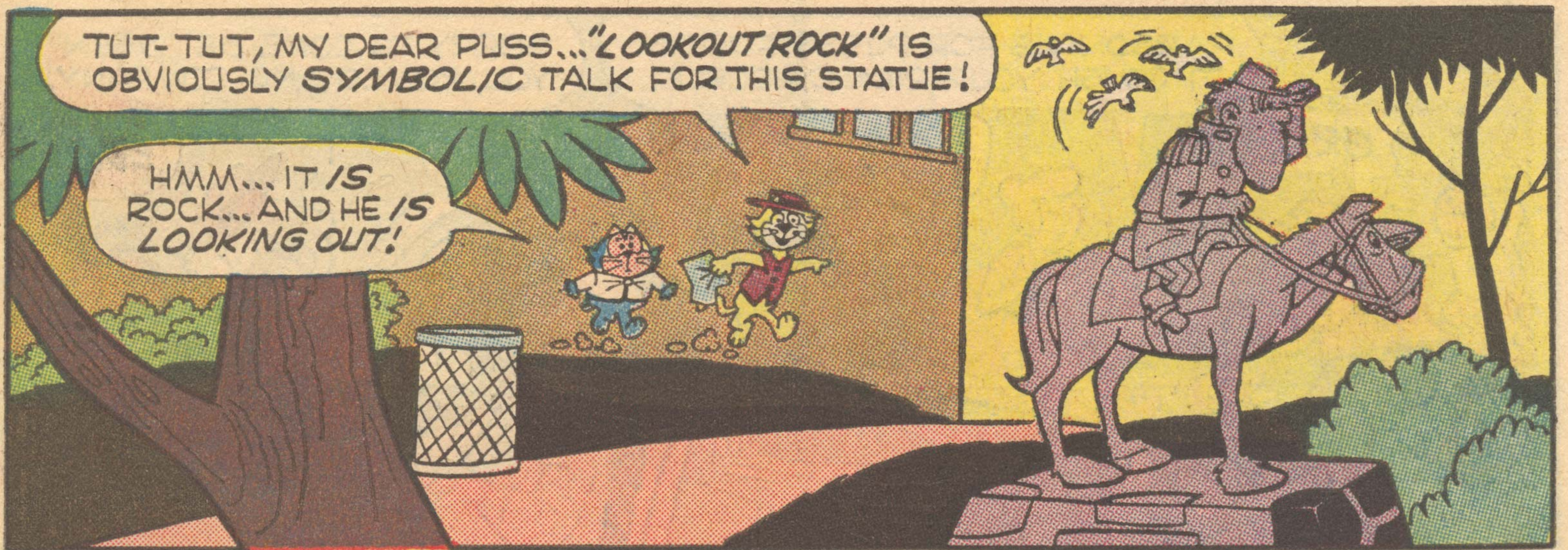


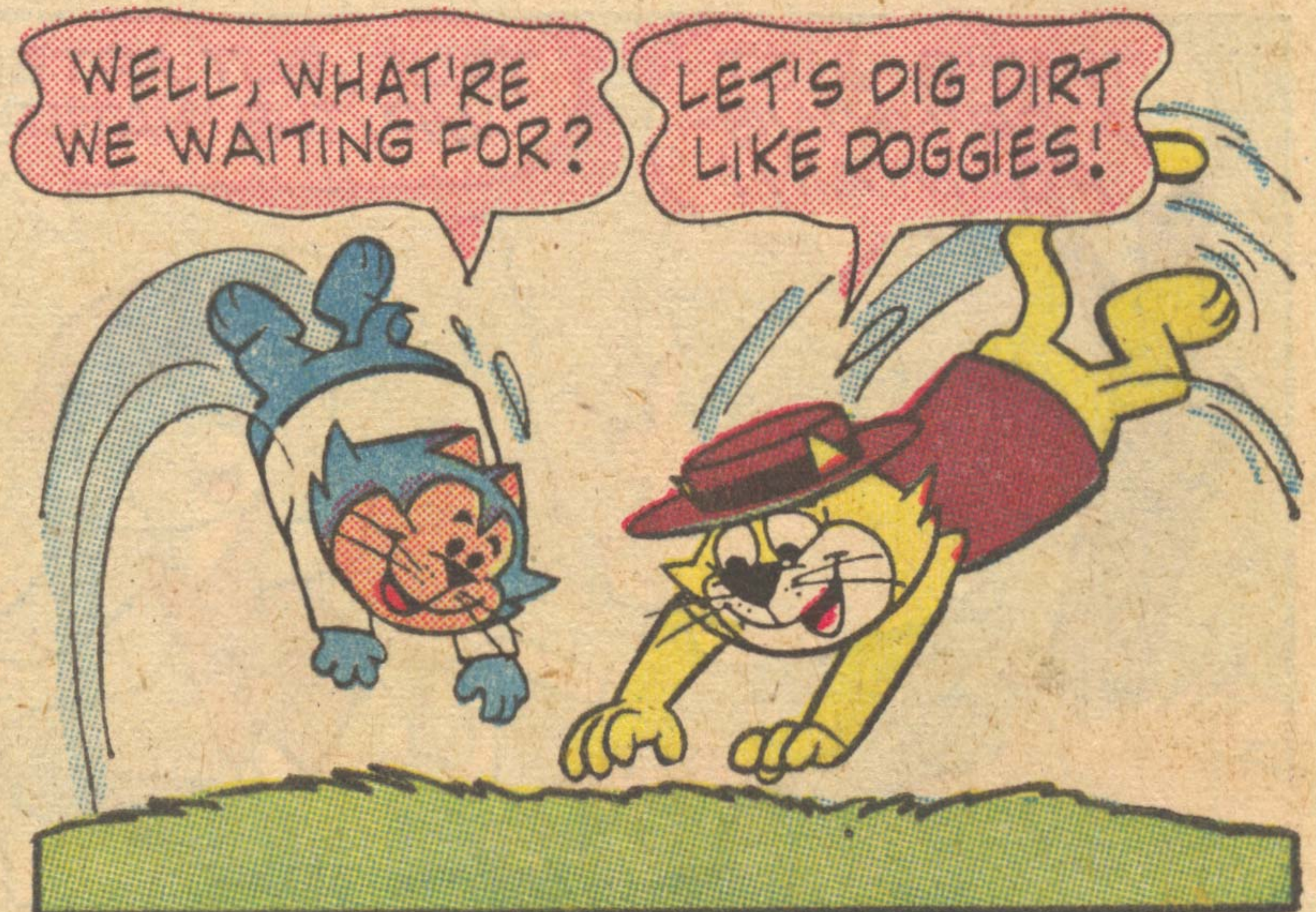
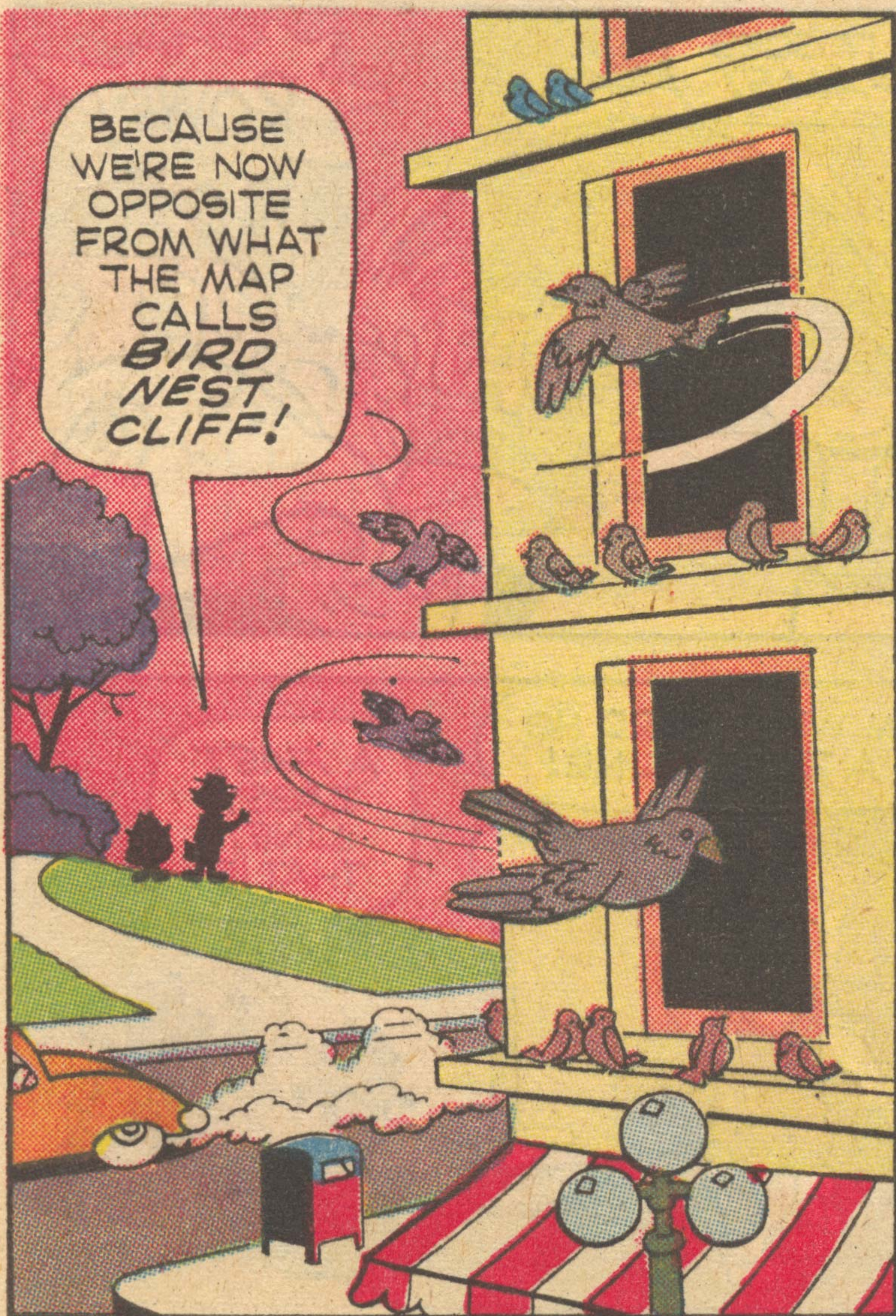
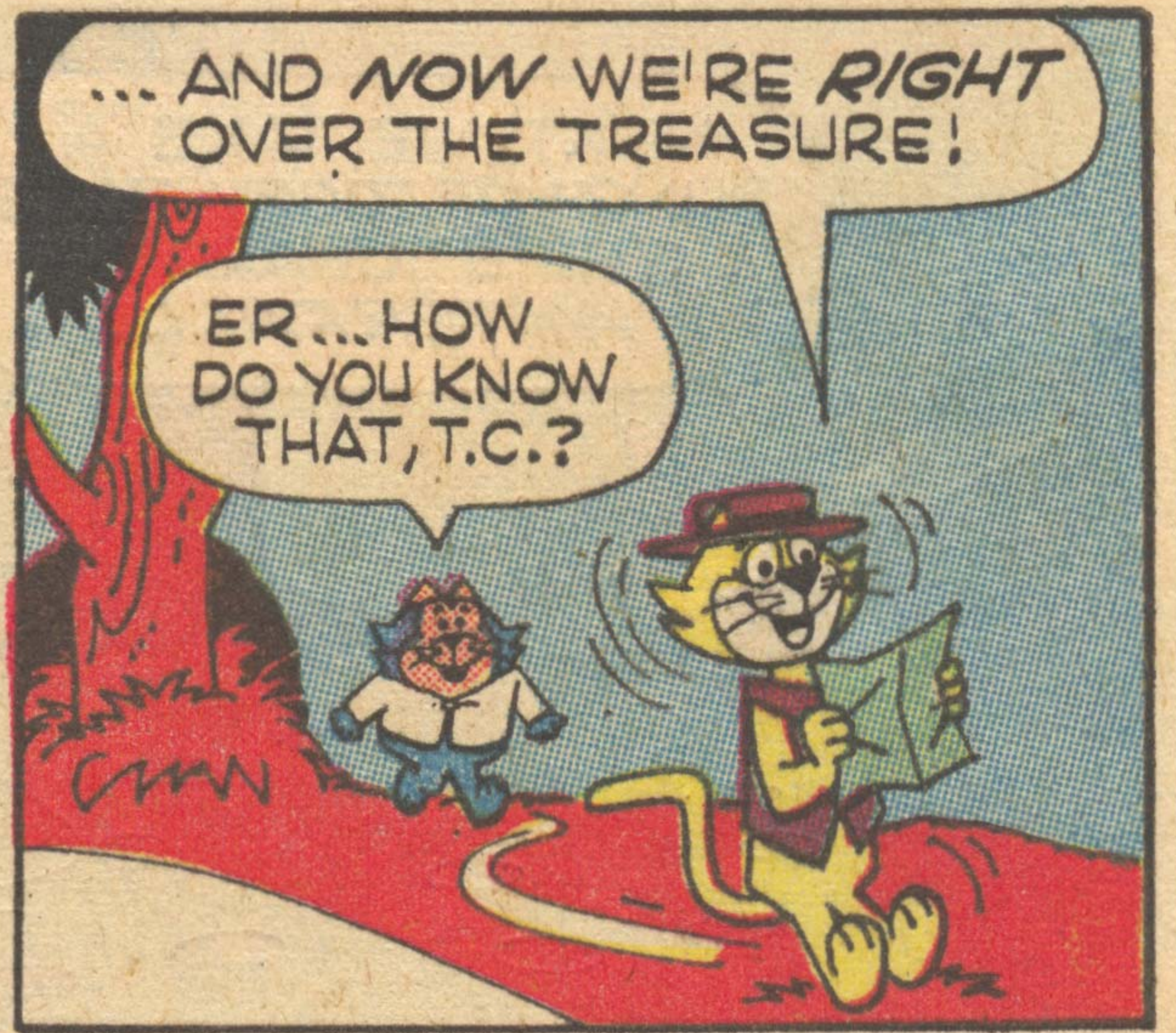
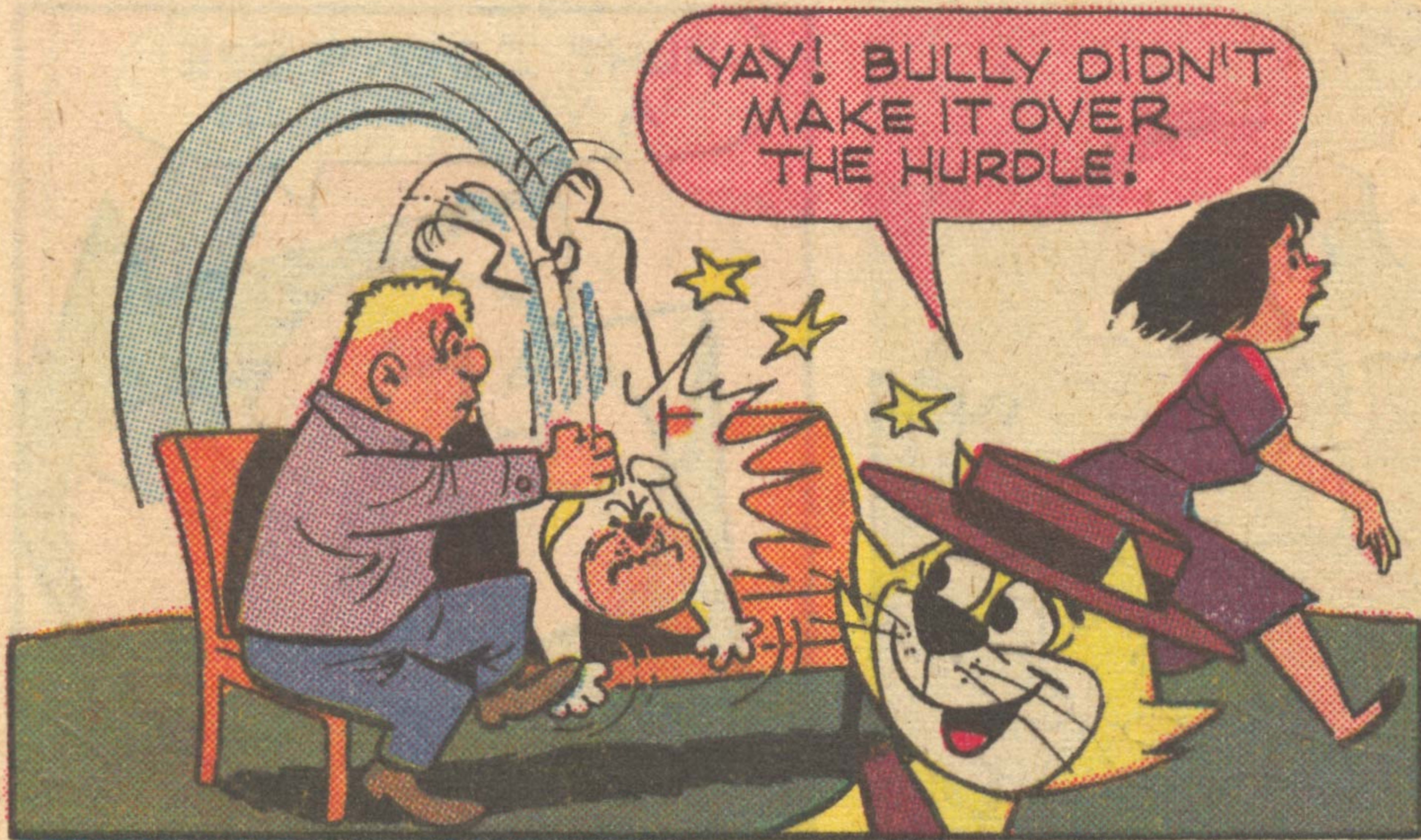
HE *MUST* BE A NEW DRIVER TO HIT THAT DIP SO FAST... BUT MY CLANG-A-TONE HAS BEEN LIBERATED!

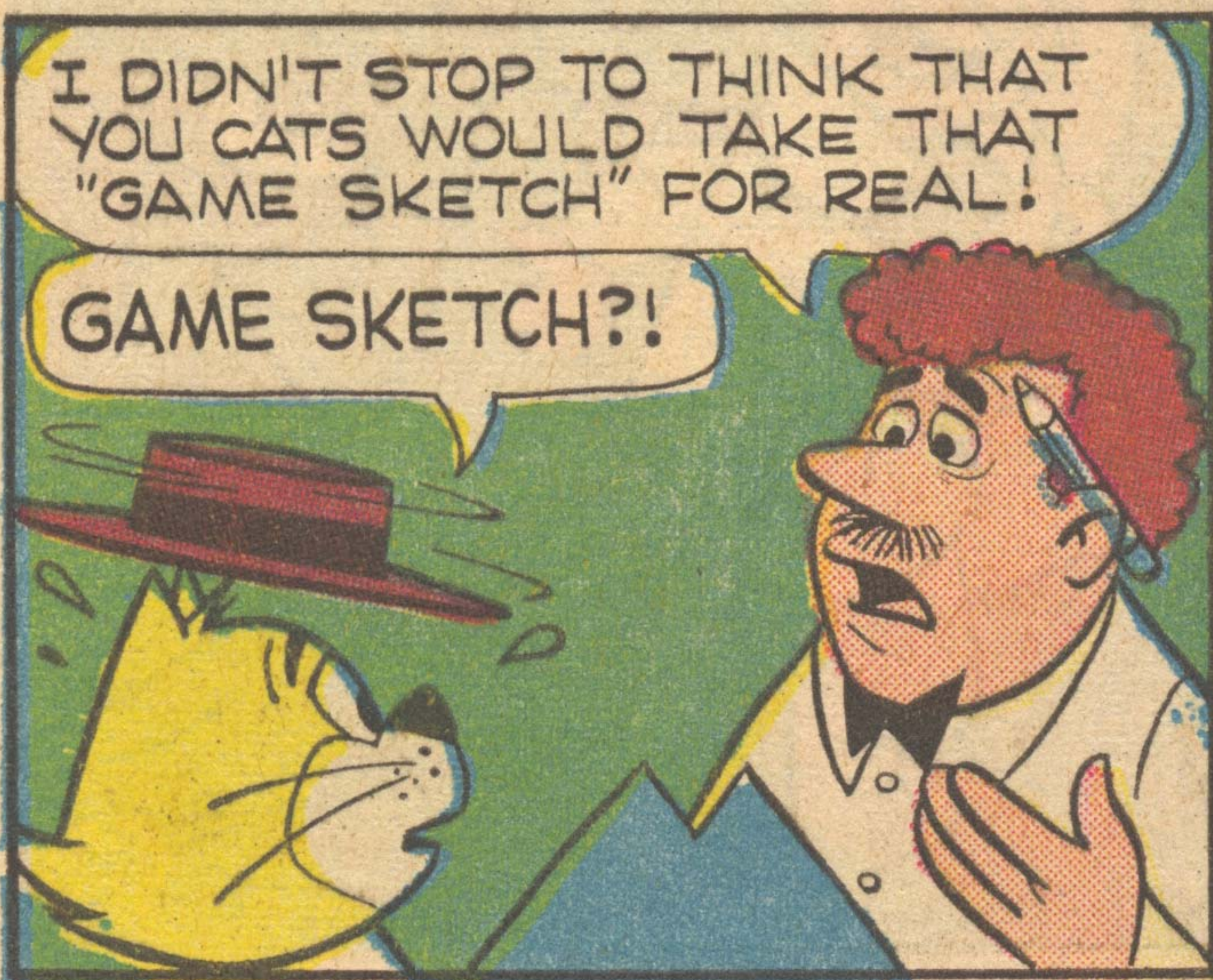
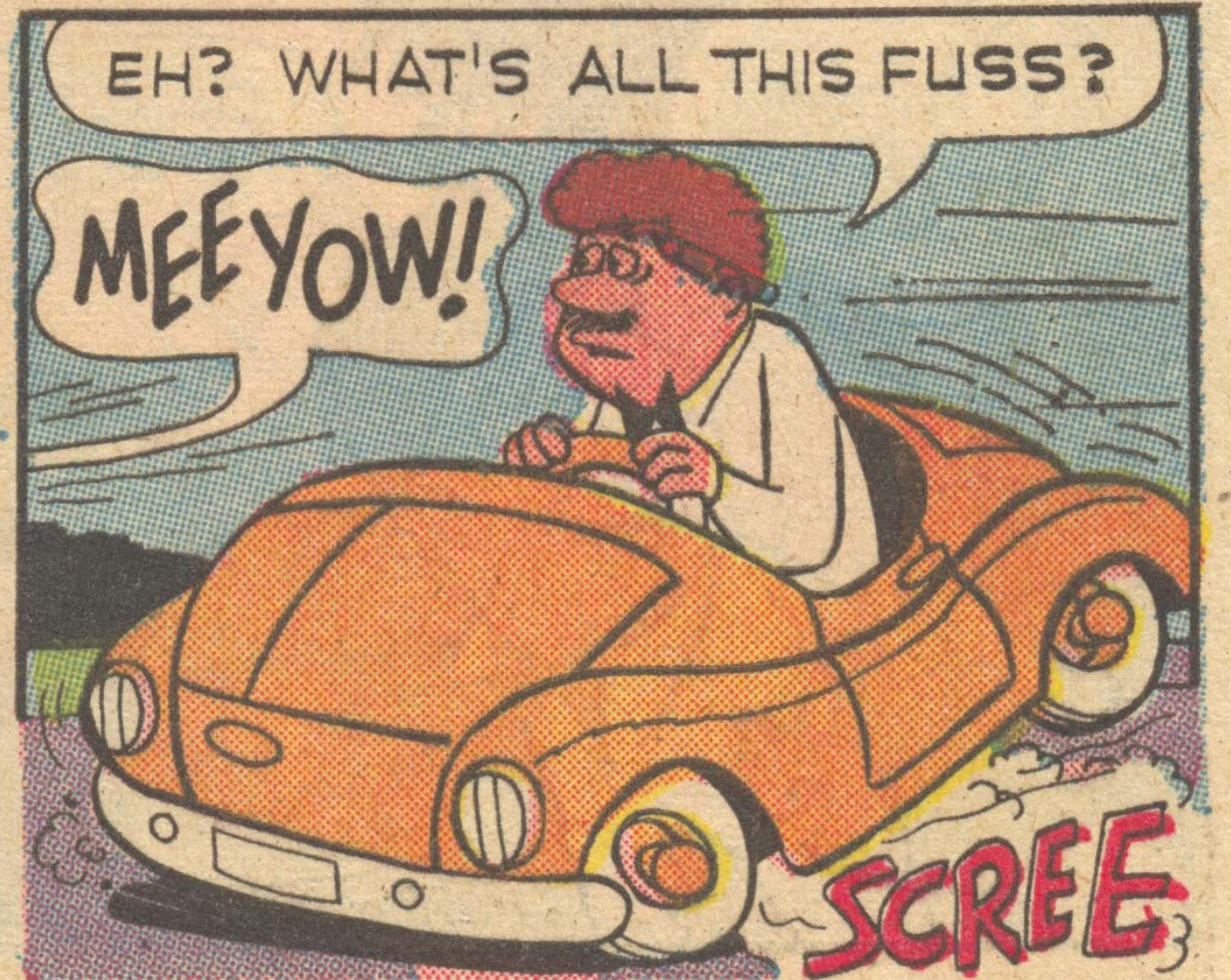
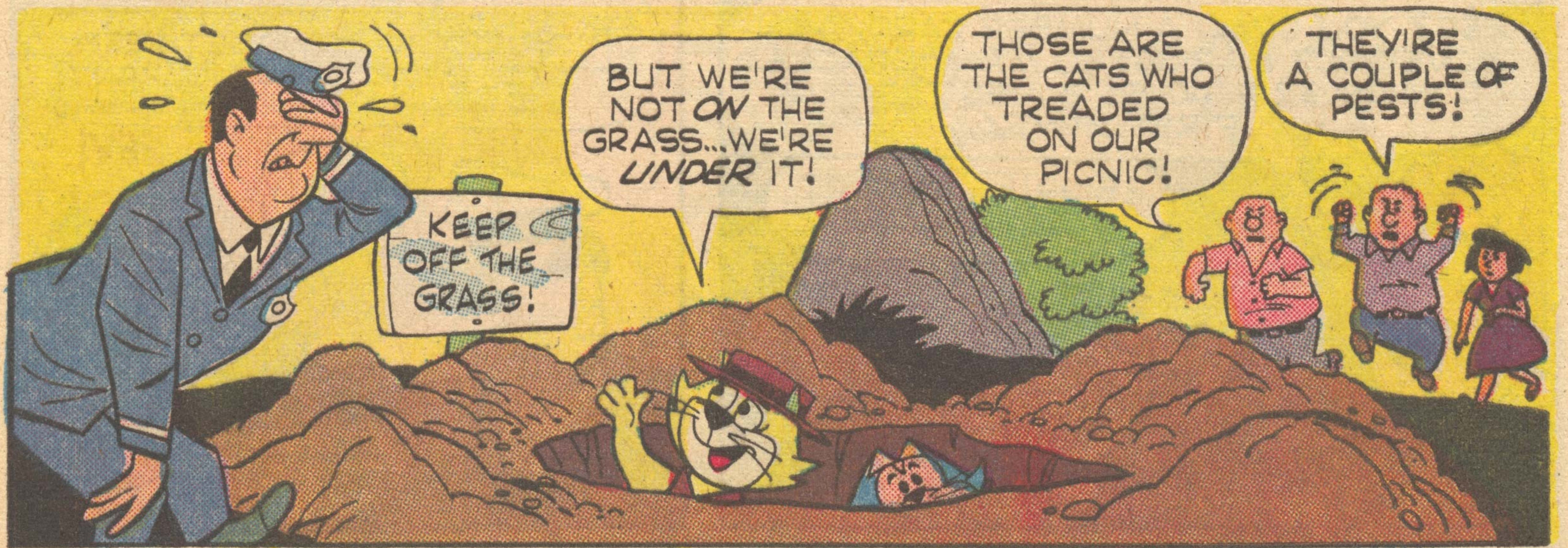
KA-BUMP!

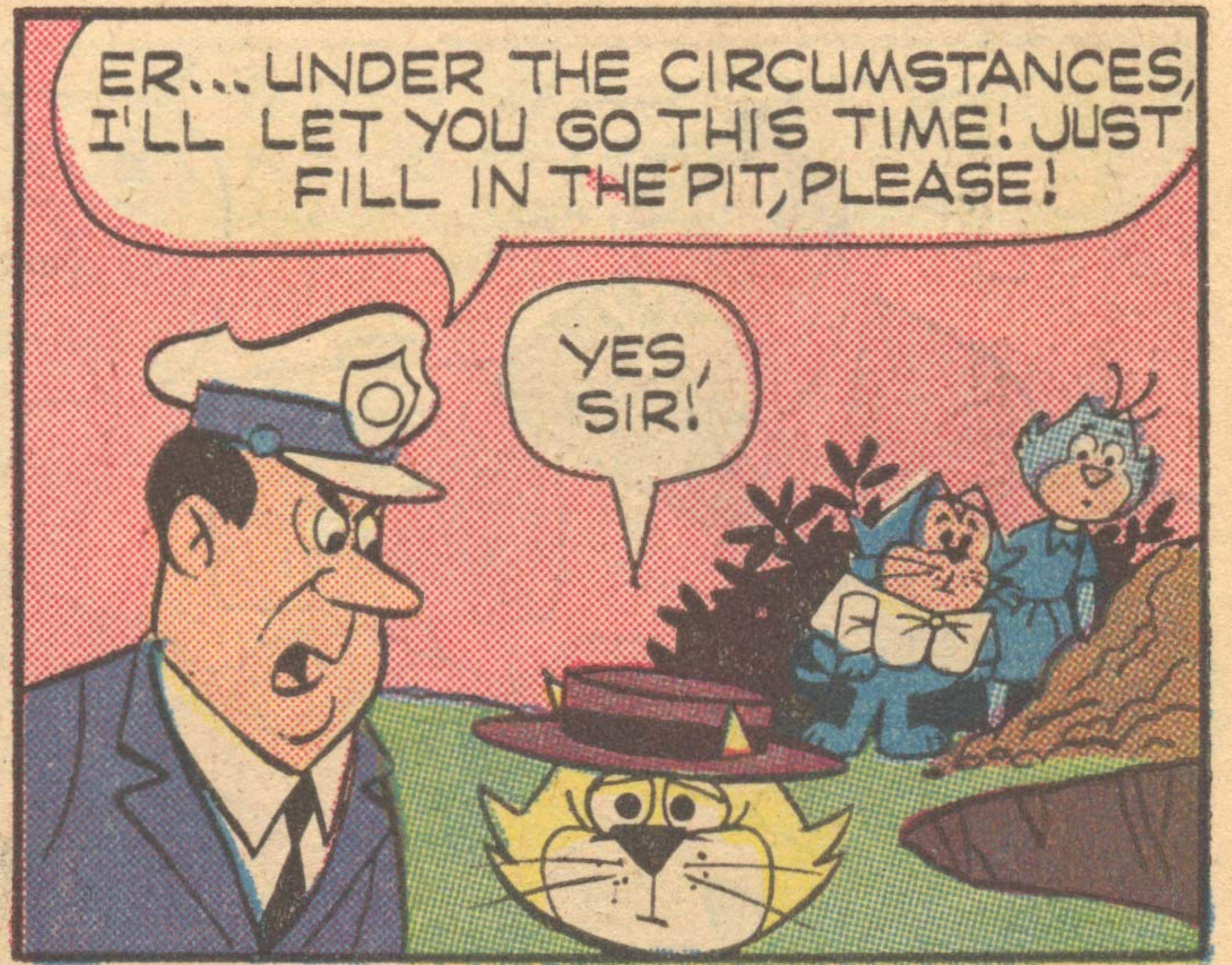






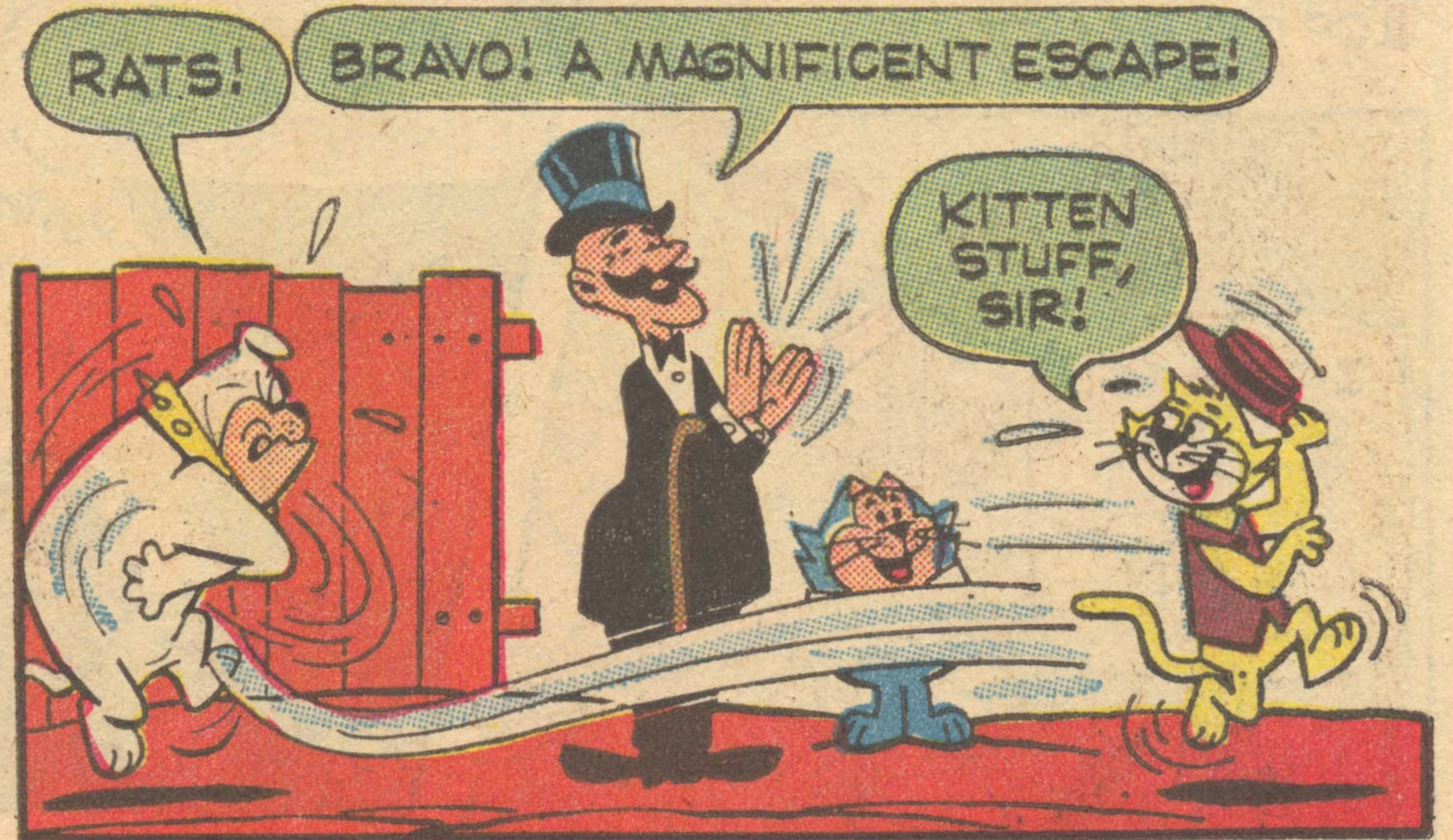
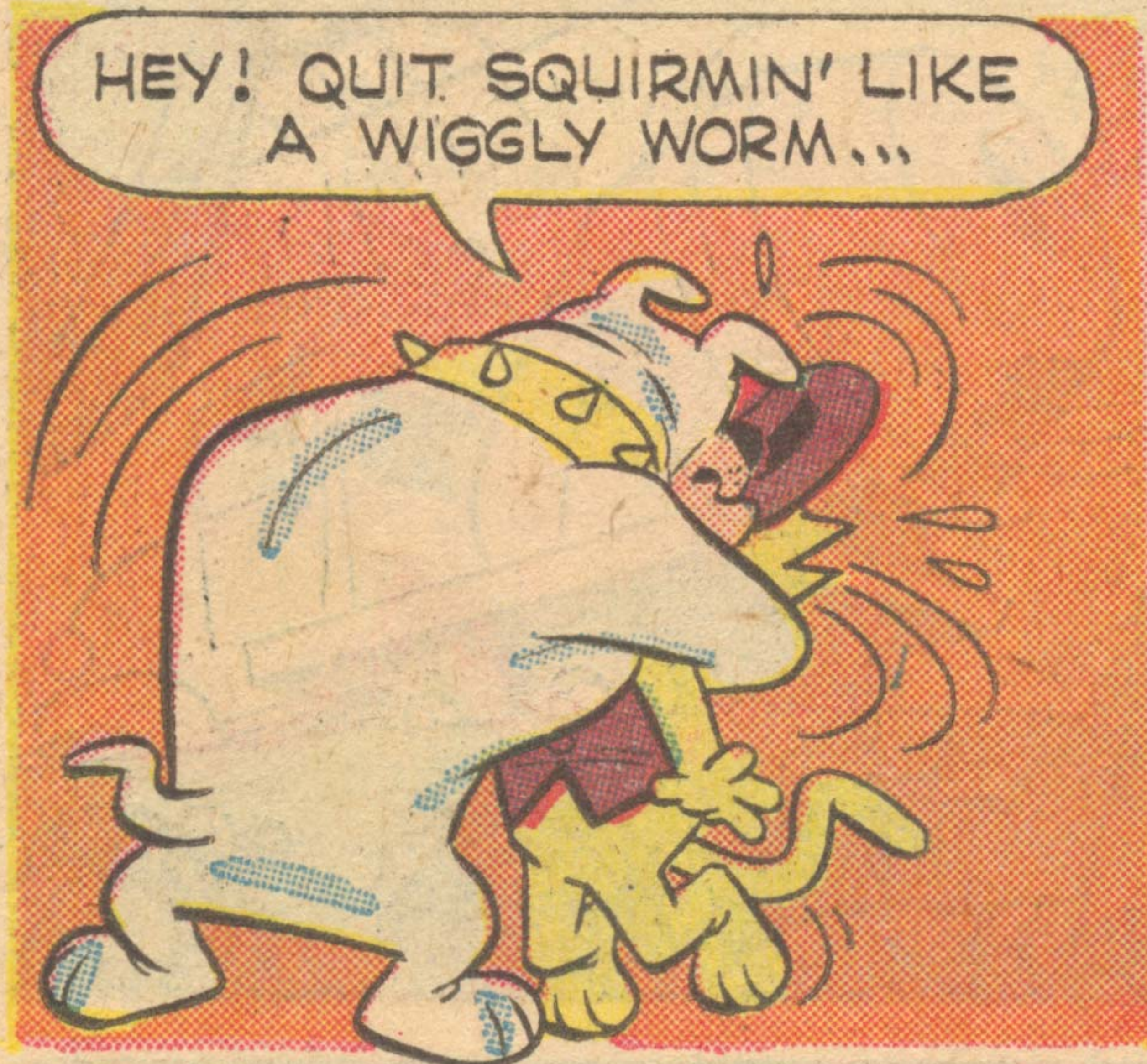
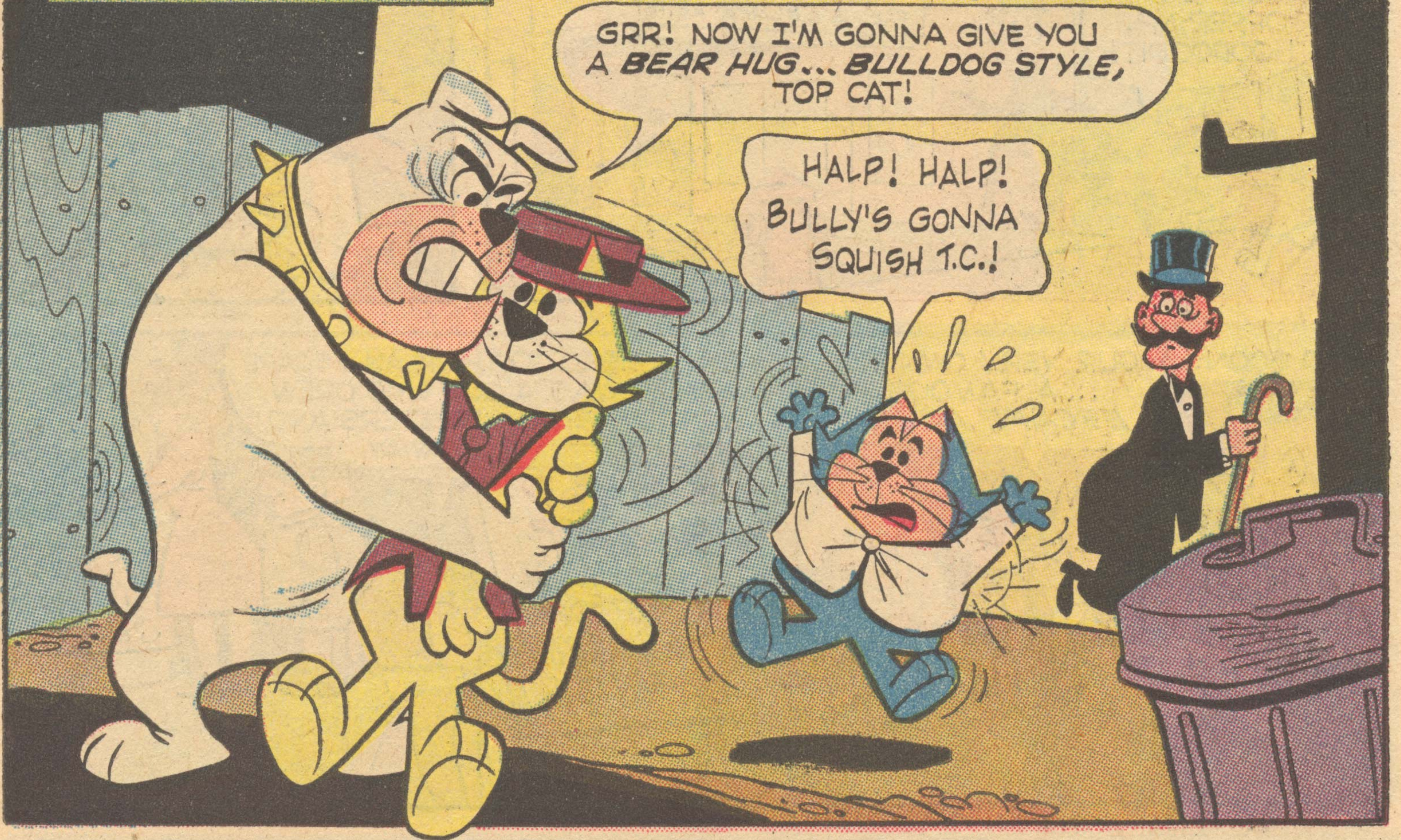


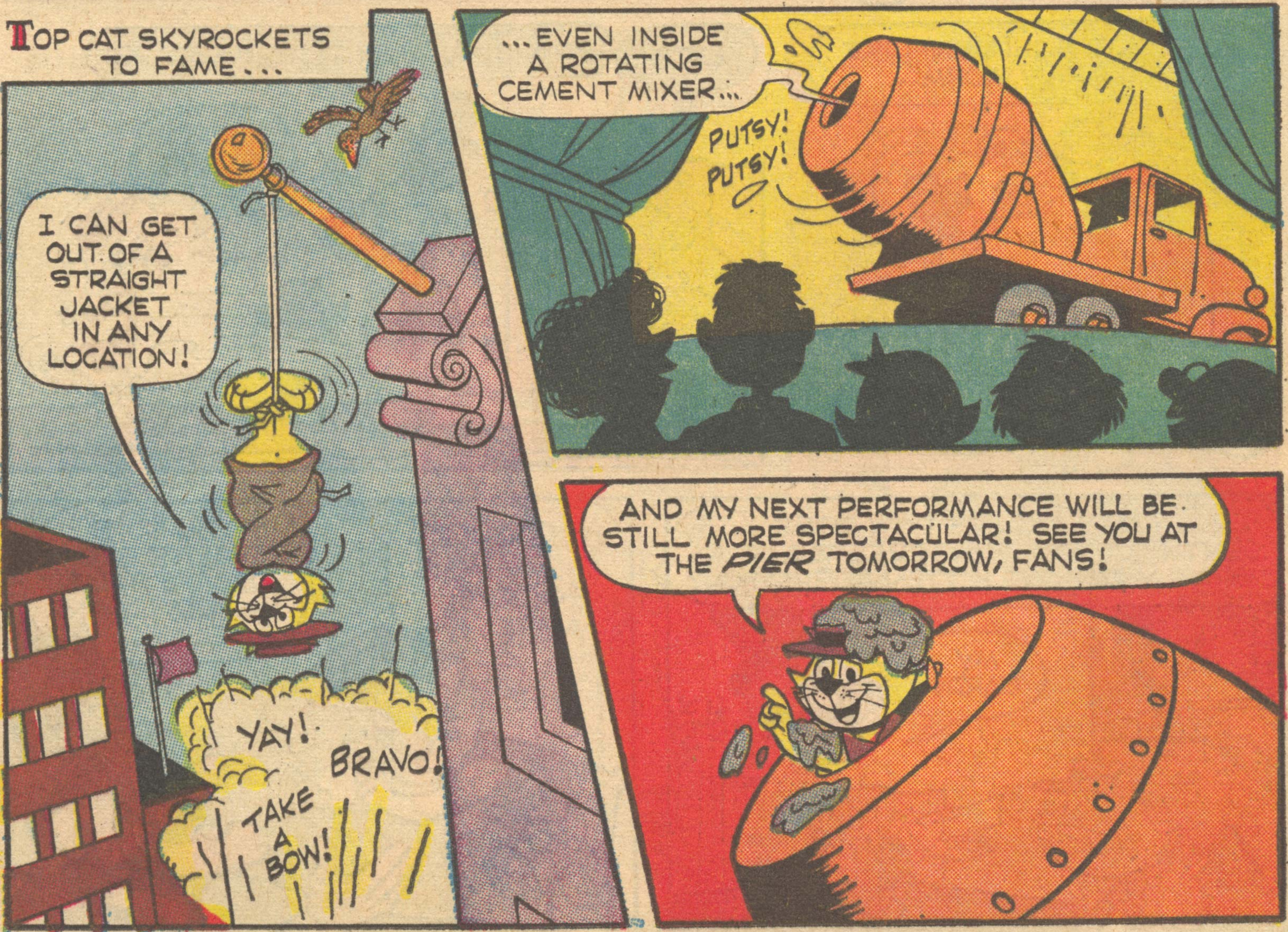
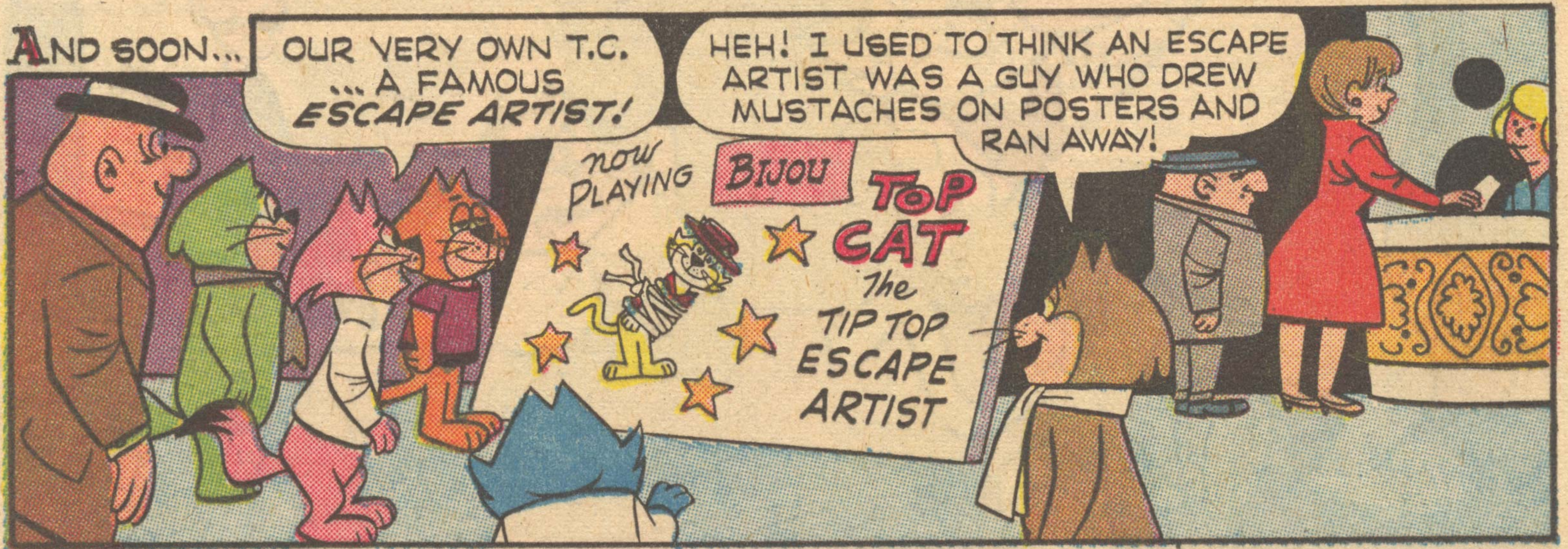
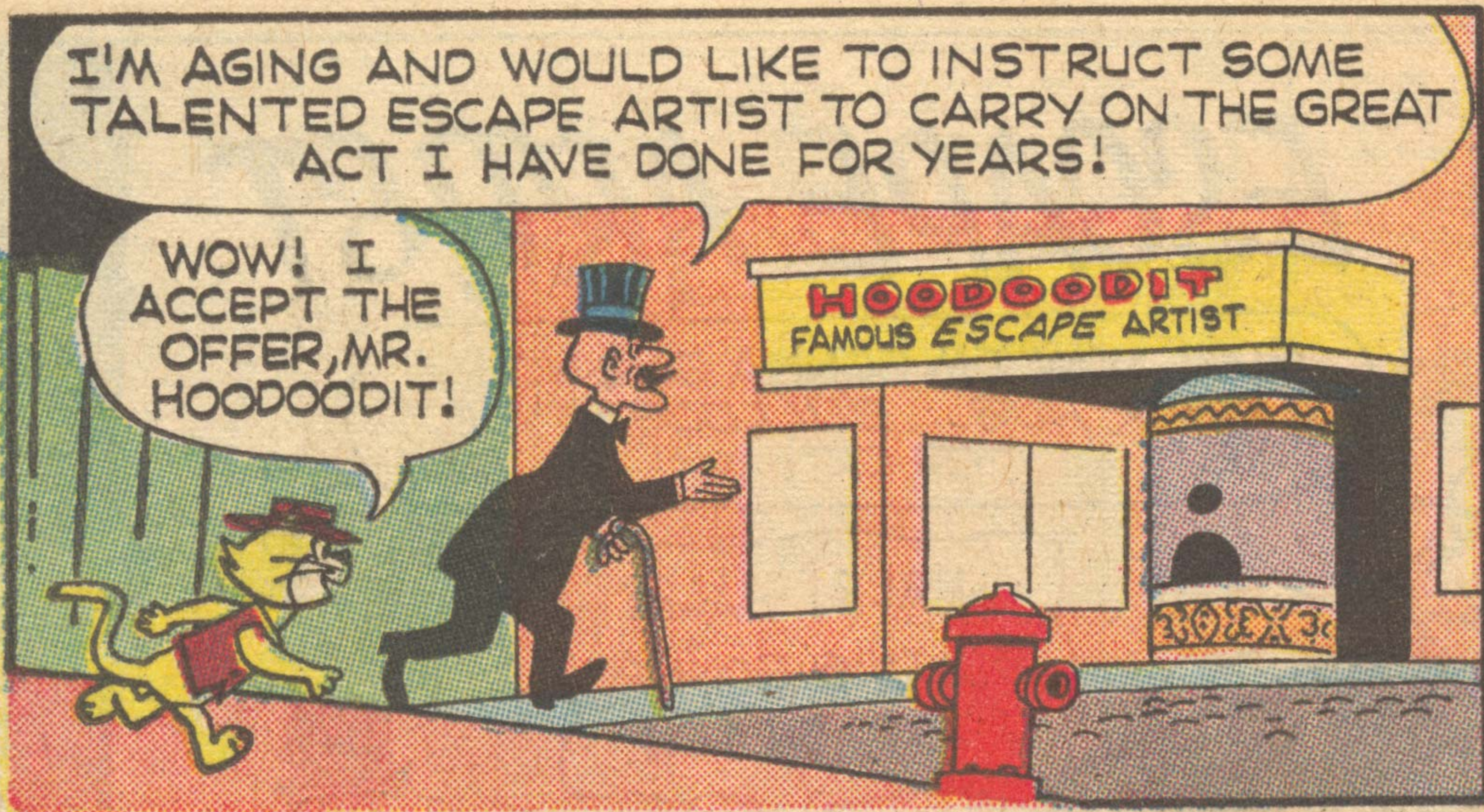




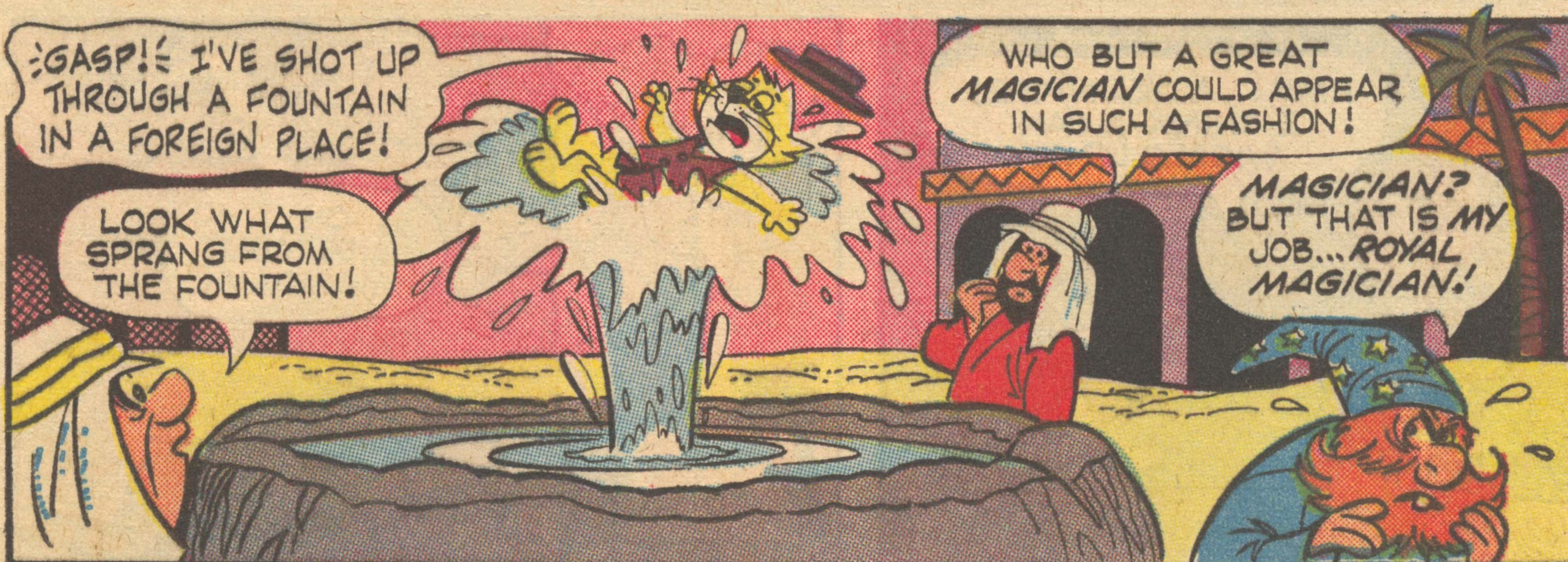
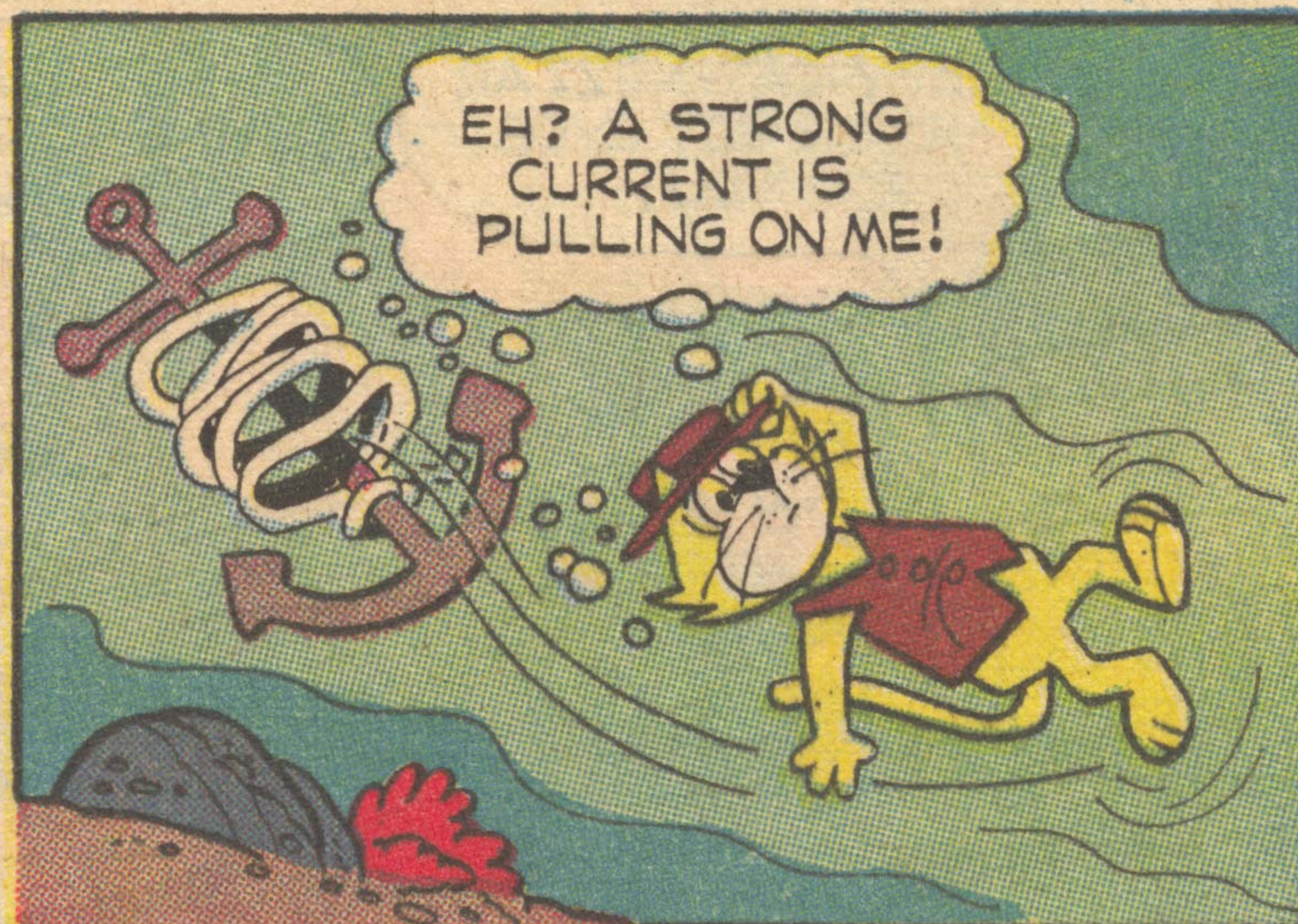
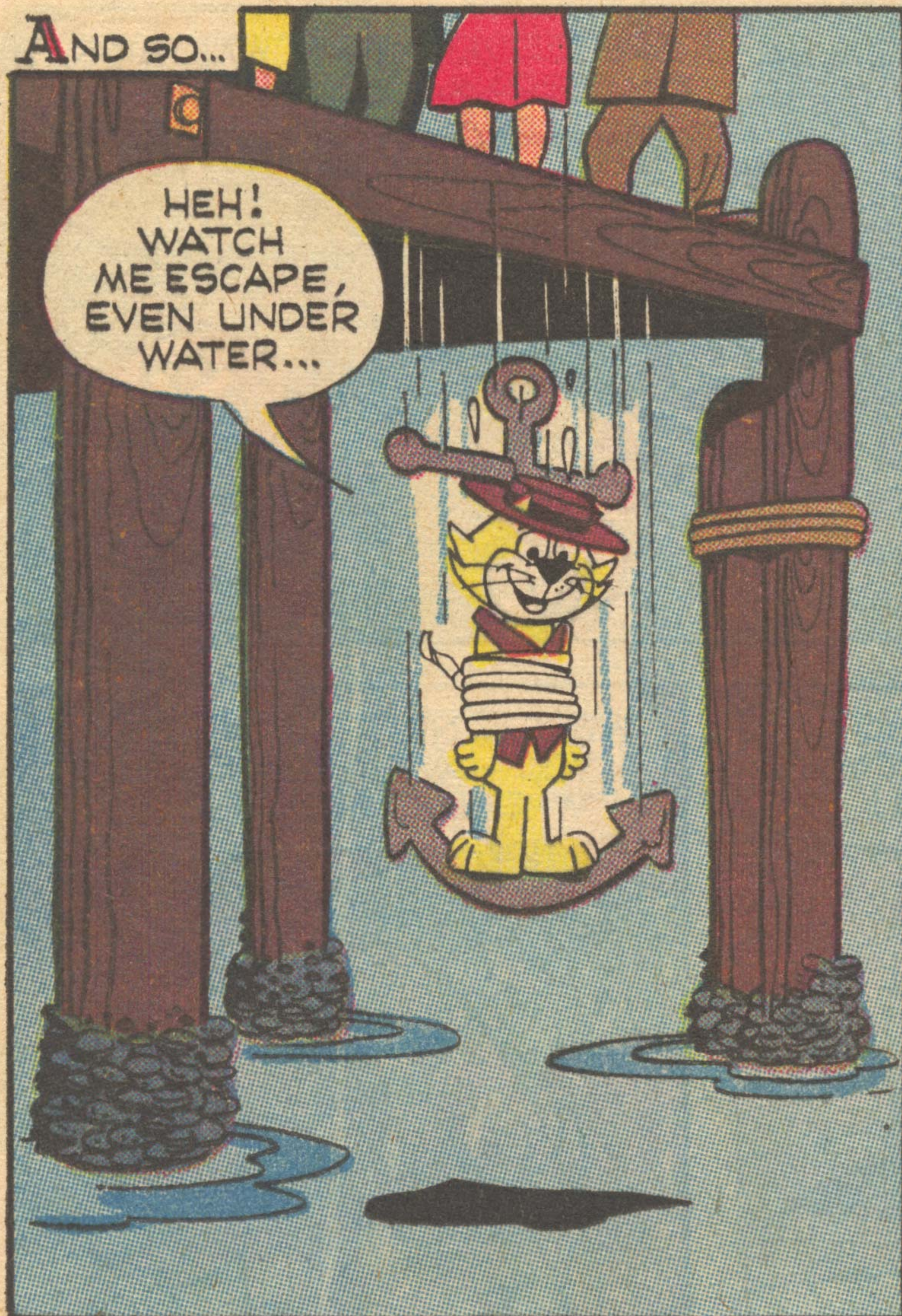
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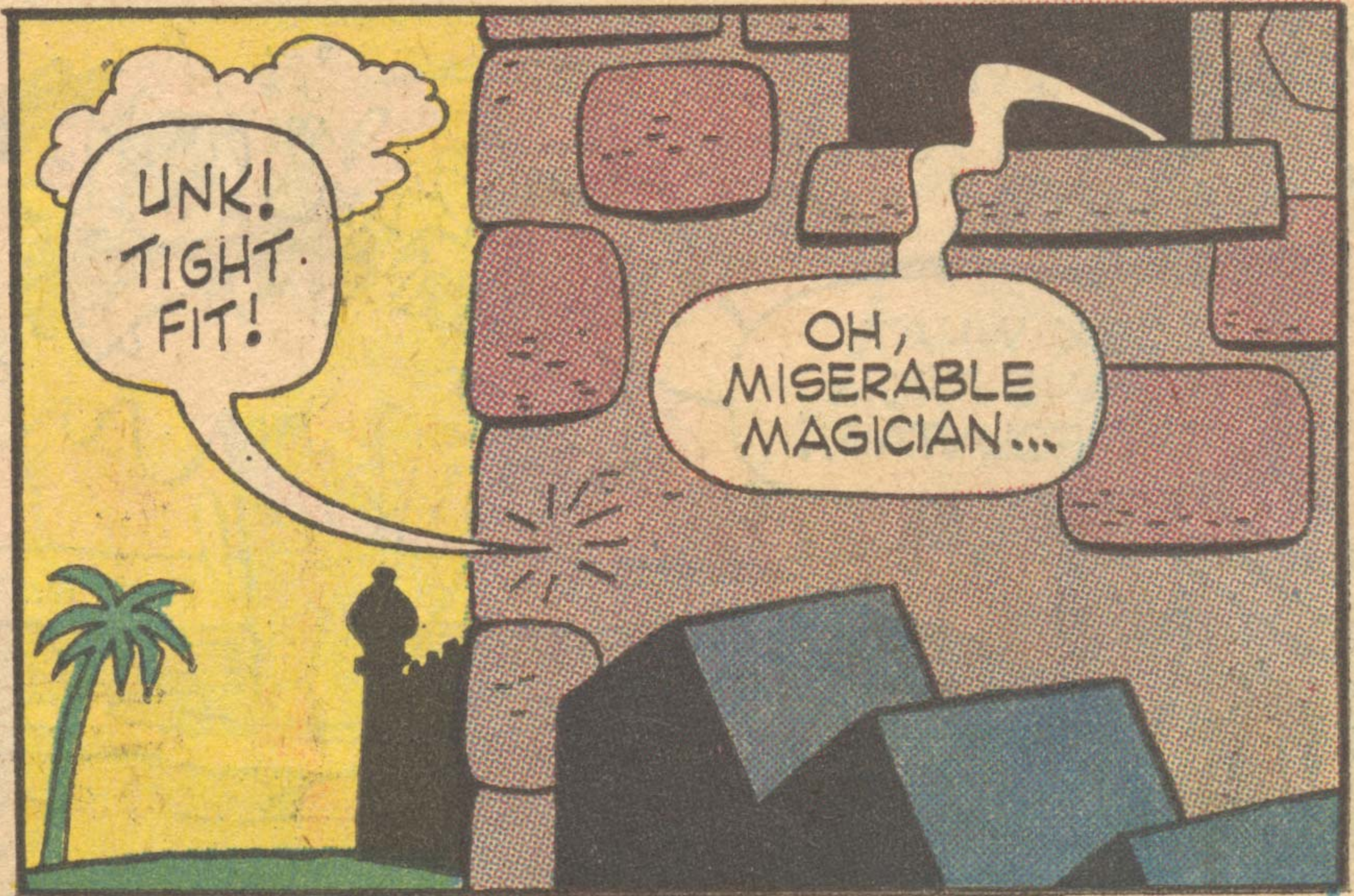
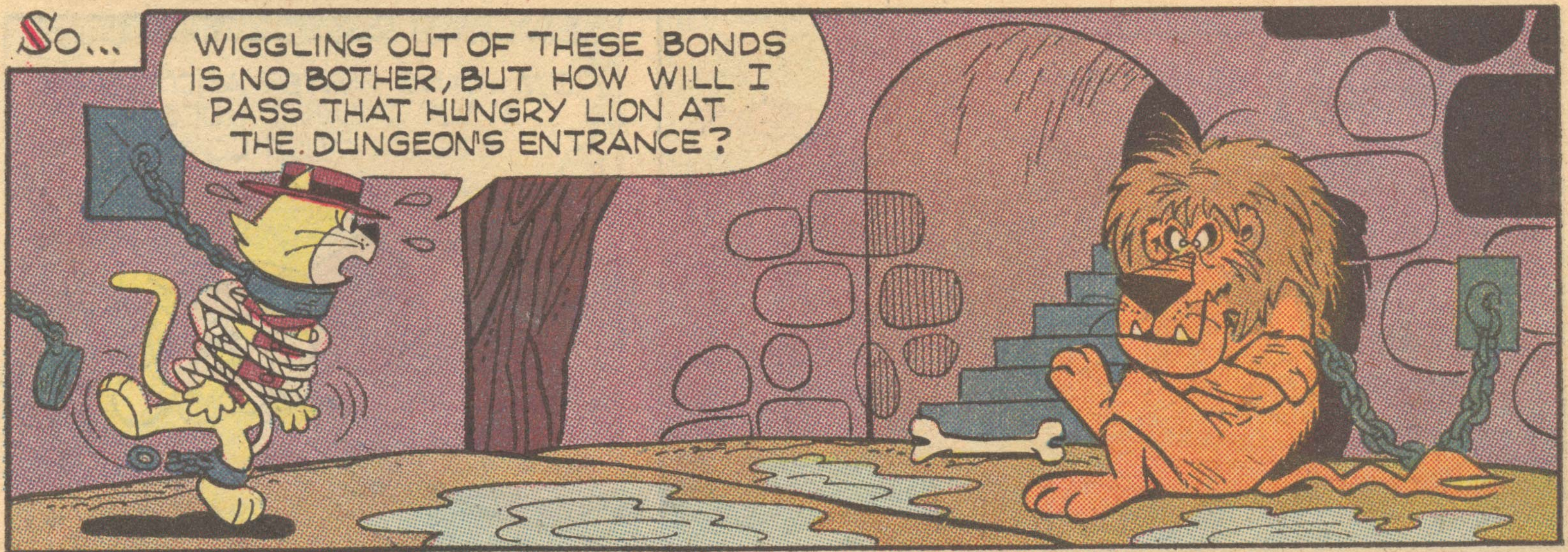
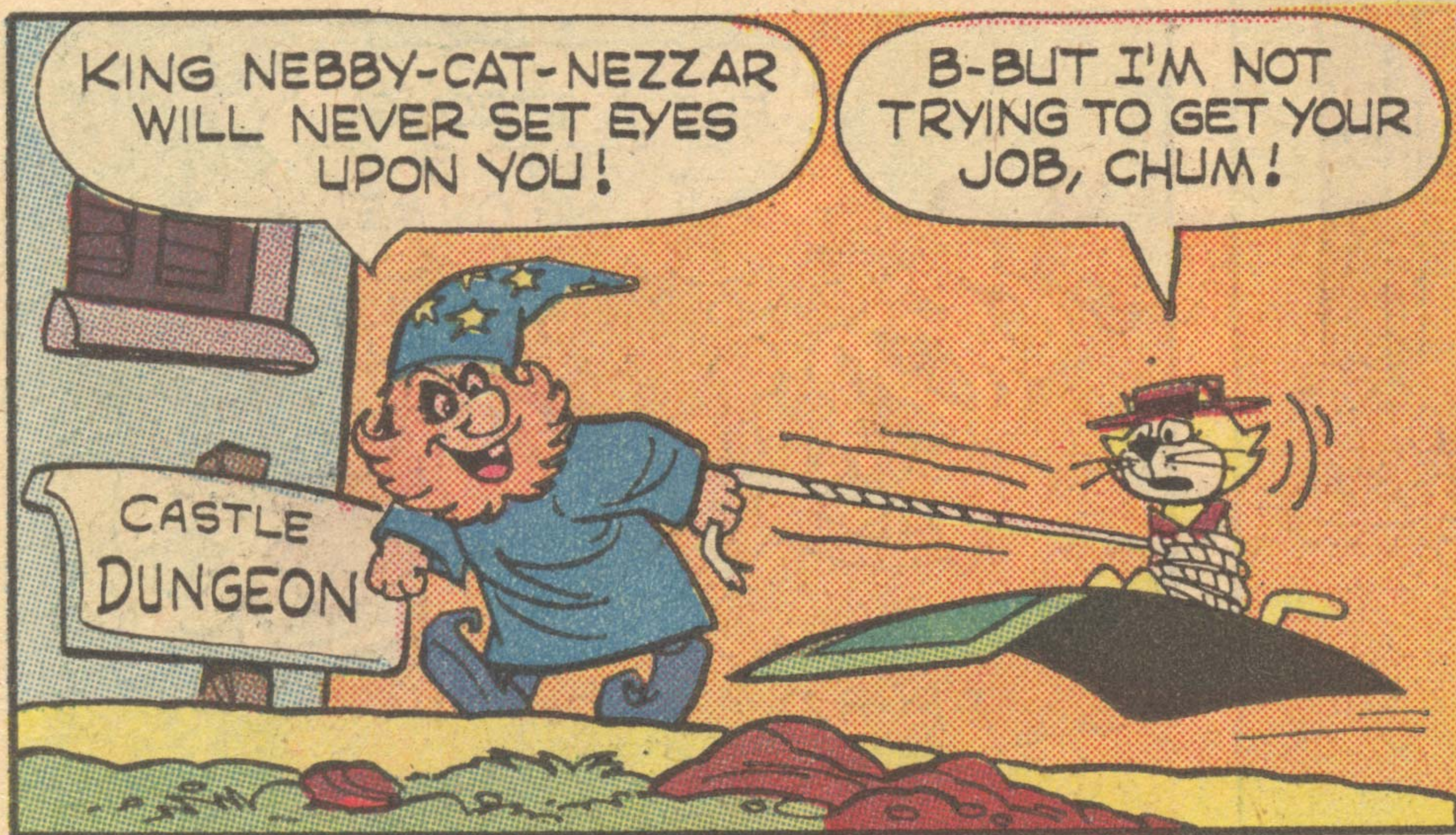
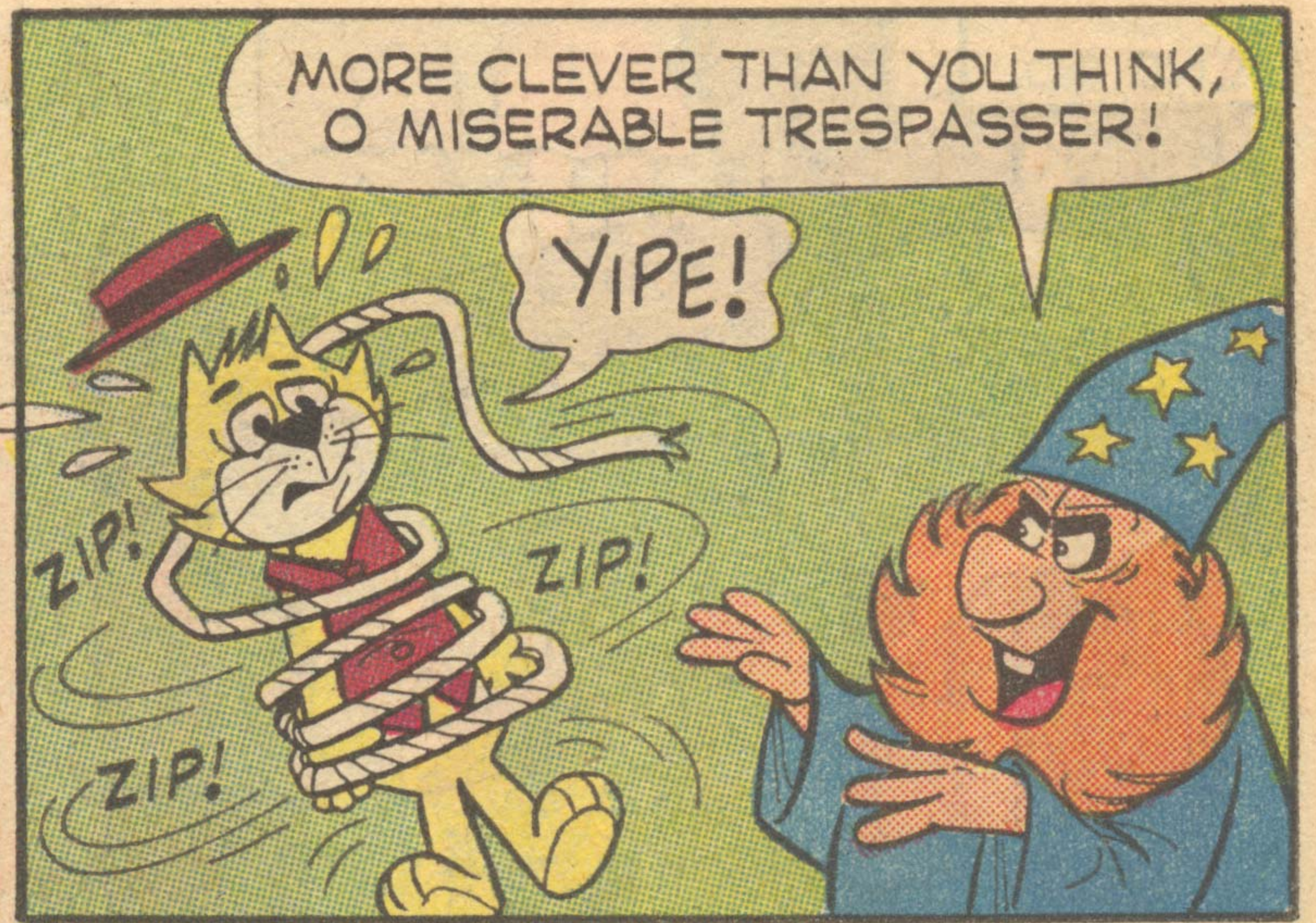
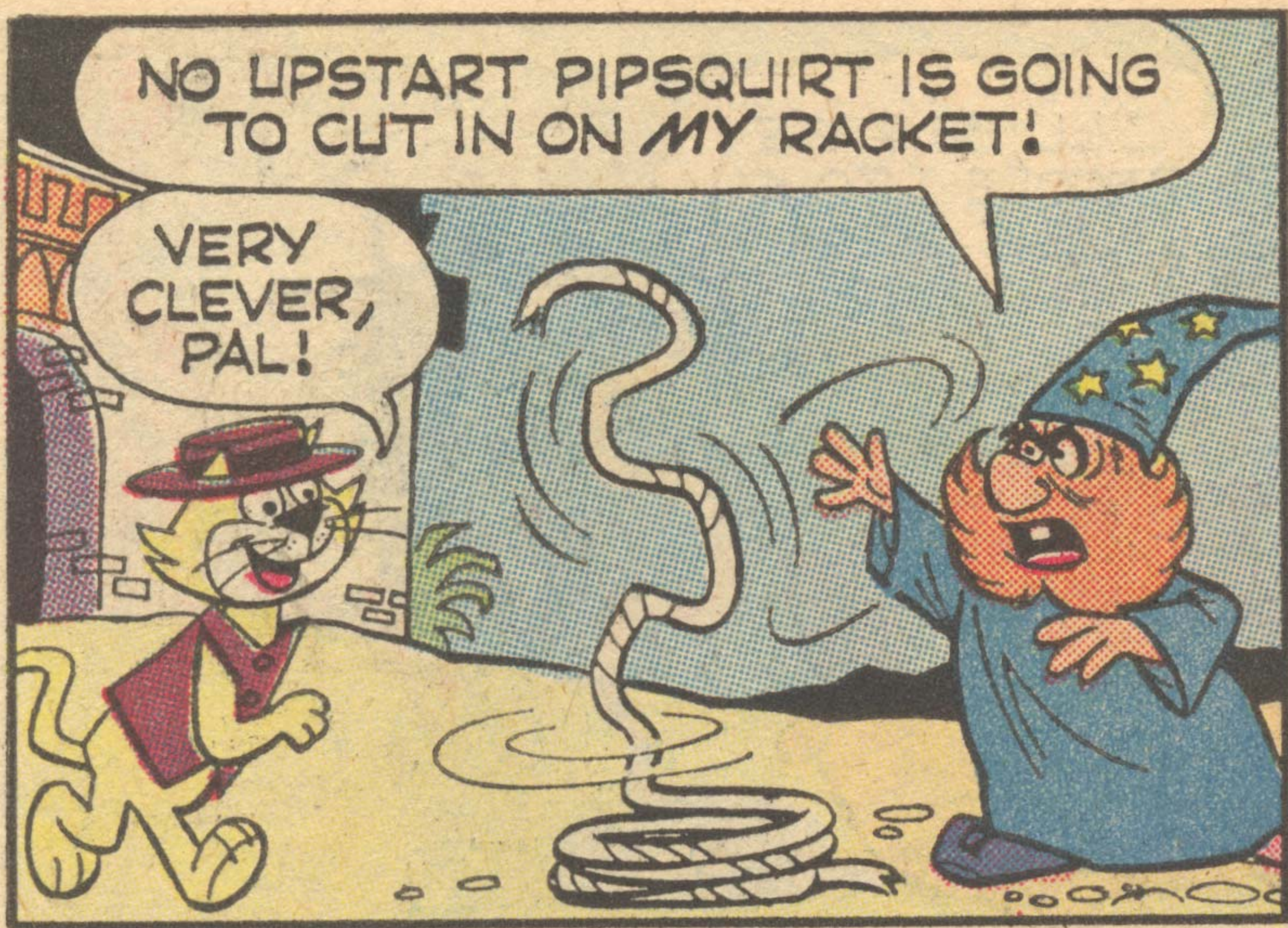
ESCAPE ARTIST

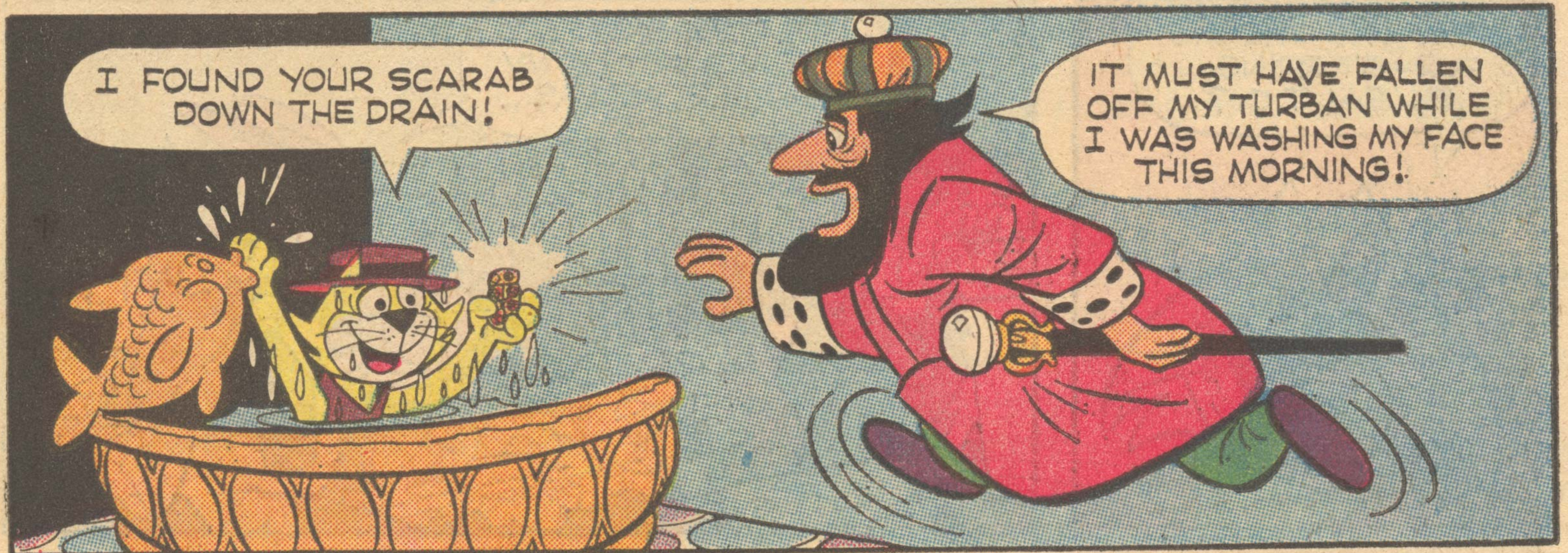




AND SO...



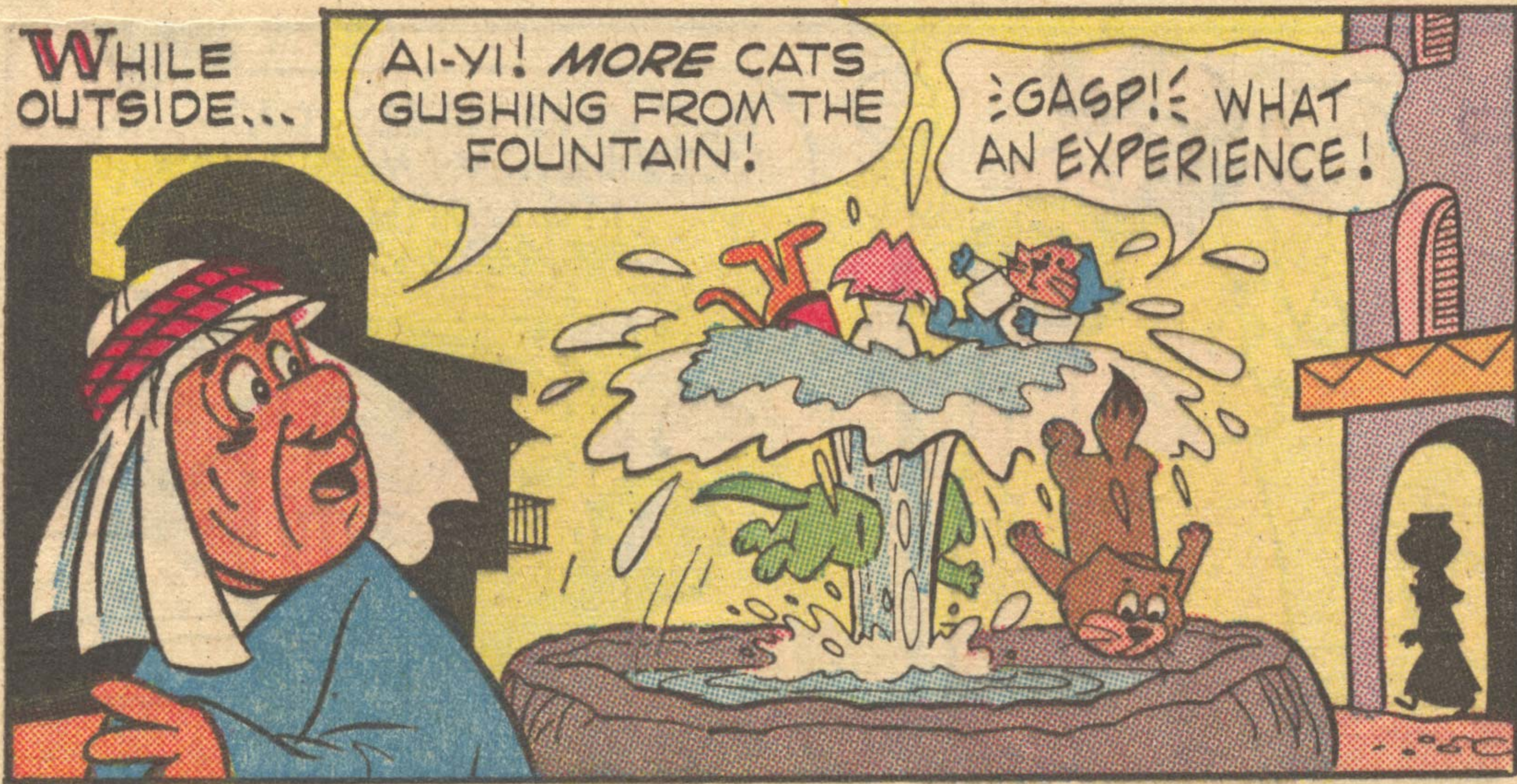




WHILE
OUTSIDE...

AI-YI! MORE CATS
GUSHING FROM THE
FOUNTAIN!

!GASP! WHAT
AN EXPERIENCE!

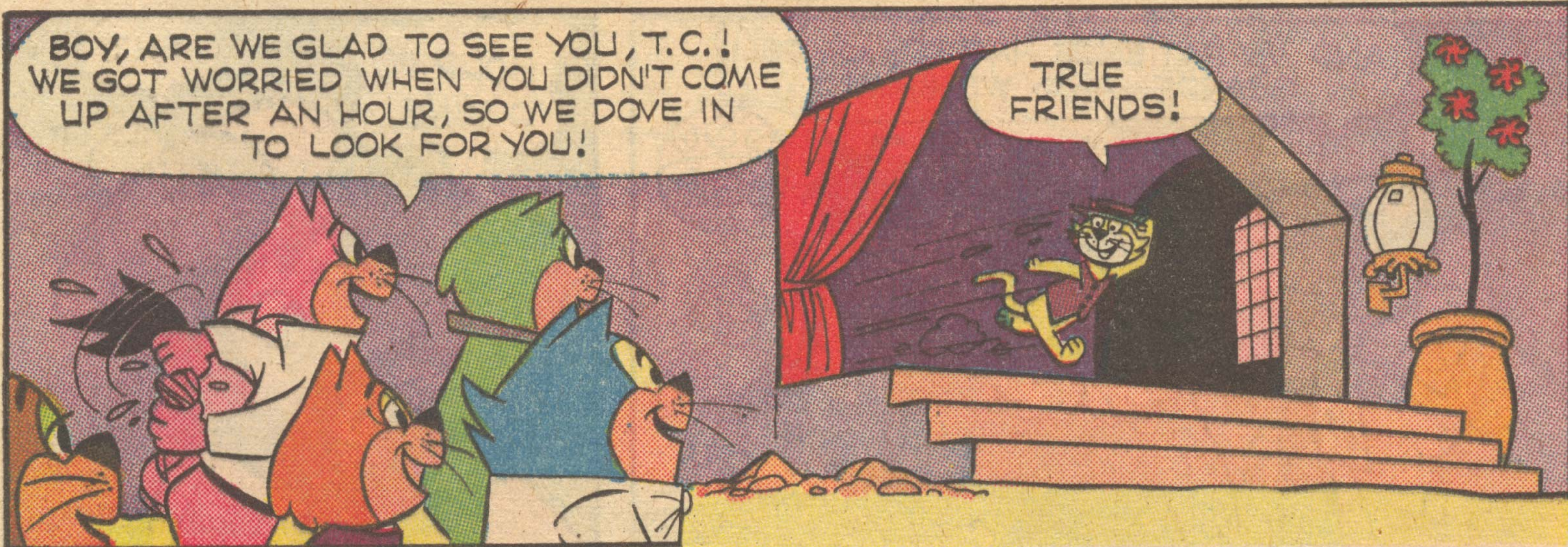


LOOK! HERE
COMES T.C.!

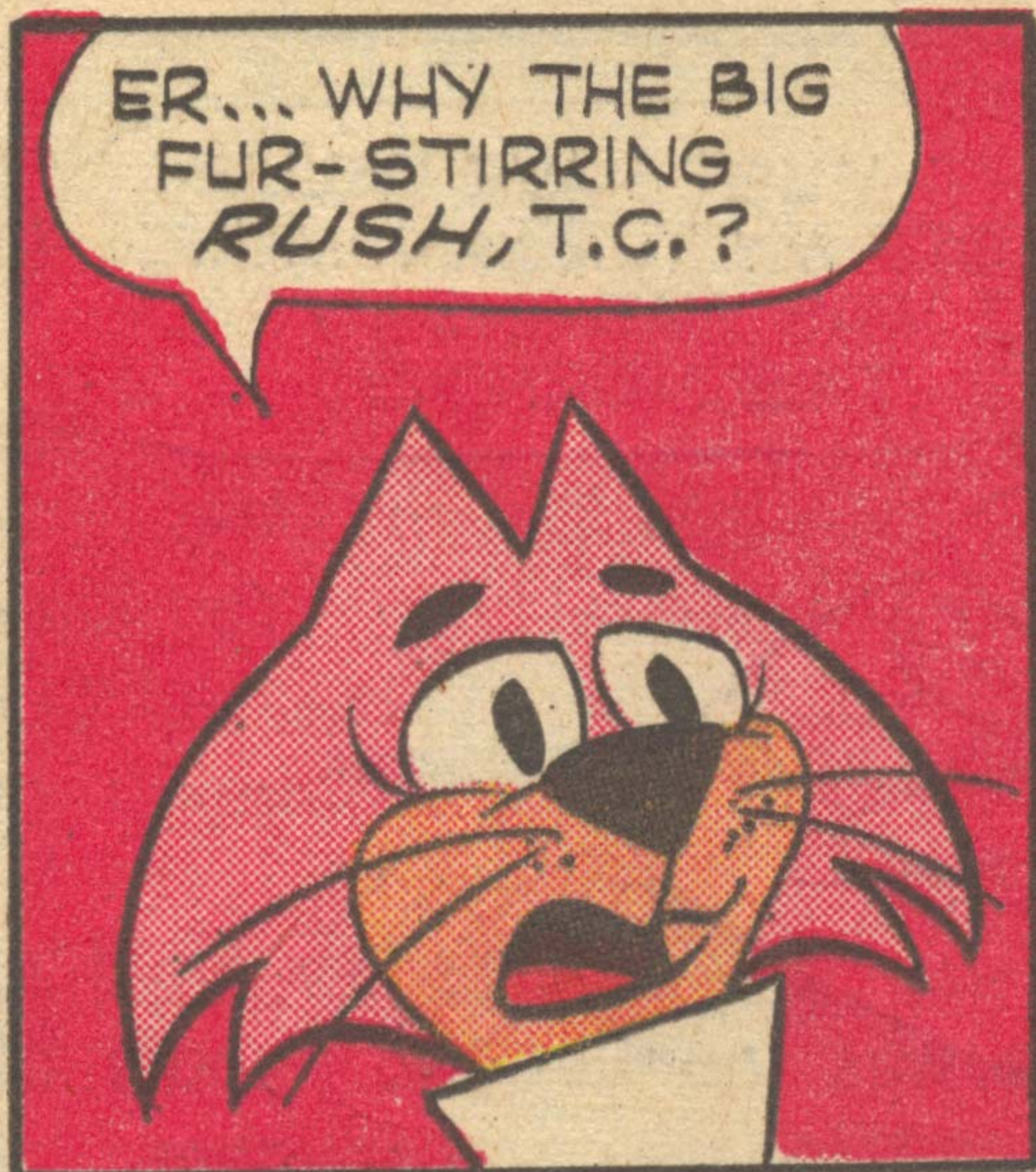


BOY, ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU, T.C.!
WE GOT WORRIED WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME
UP AFTER AN HOUR, SO WE DOVE IN
TO LOOK FOR YOU!

TRUE
FRIENDS!



ER... WHY THE BIG
FUR-STIRRING
RUSH, T.C.?



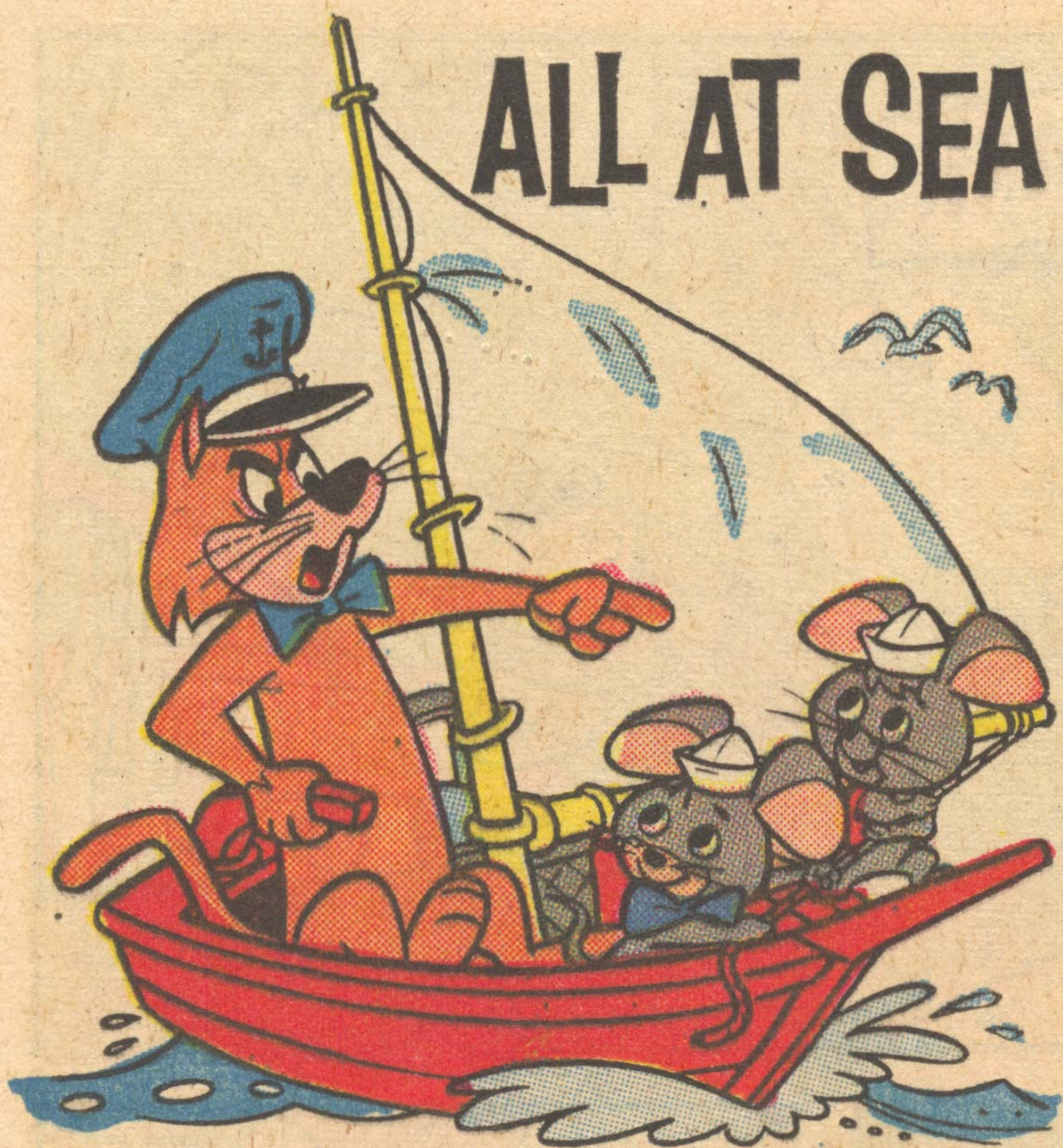
IT'S THE BIGGEST
ESCAPE ACT OF MY
CAREER, FELLAS...



...THAT TICKLY-WHISKERED MAGICIAN
WANTS TO GIVE ME A BIG (UGH!)
THANKSGIVING KISS!



ALL AT SEA



"What's with the trick hat, Jinksy?" said Pixie as he watched Mr. Jinks adjusting a navy-type captain's hat on his head.

"What do you mean, trick hat?" snarled Mr. Jinks. "This is a genuine sea-going captain's hat! I happen to be the proud owner of a genuine ocean-type sailboat!"

"No kidding!" exclaimed Pixie. "When can Dixie and I go for a ride, I mean, sail?"

"Never!" snapped Mr. Jinks. "You meeces would be bad luck aboard my boat!"

"We would not either!" countered Pixie. "We could help you sail the boat!"

"Haw!" scoffed Mr. Jinks. "You miserable meeces would be about as useful as a cork anchor!"

With that, Mr. Jinks stalked out of the room.

Pixie looked at Dixie and said, "I like that! Inferring that we meeces — I mean mice — don't know anything about sailing! Why, one of my ancestors came over in the hold of the *Santa Maria*!"

"Sure!" retorted Dixie. "And one of MY ancestors nibbled his way across the ocean in the cheese bin of the *Mayflower*!"

A bit later, Mr. Jinks was down at the wharf, loading his gear onto his boat, the *Catnip*. His gear consisted mainly of a huge lunch. He brought enough food for ten cats, because he had no intention of going hungry.

So, he set sail, and soon he was headed out for sea.

"Sailing, sailing, over the, over the..." he sang, then stopped. "How does the rest of this song go?" he asked himself.

"Over the bounding main!" sang a couple of small voices to the rear of the boat.

Mr. Jinks cringed. "Oh no!" he groaned. "Not you meeces! How did you get aboard?"

"We came aboard in your gear!" answered Pixie. "We figured you would really need help, since this is the very first time you've ever operated a sailboat!"

"Miserable meeces!" screamed Jinks. "I told you I don't need your help! I think you just came aboard to eat my lunch."

He stopped. "Well, I'll fool you! I'll eat every scrap of it myself — right now!"

With that, he sat down and started cramming food into his mouth. He ate ten sandwiches, ten pieces of pie, ten apples, and ten glasses of milk.

Finally, he wiped his mouth and said, "There, you miserable meeces! You're not going to get any of MY food!"

"We didn't want any of your food!" Pixie assured him. "All we wanted to do was help you run your boat!"

"I don't believe..." began Jinks. Then he stopped suddenly as the sea began to get rough.

"I don't feel so good!" he groaned, and he collapsed to the bottom of the boat.

Pixie and Dixie looked at him. "You know what?" said Dixie. "I think he's seasick!"

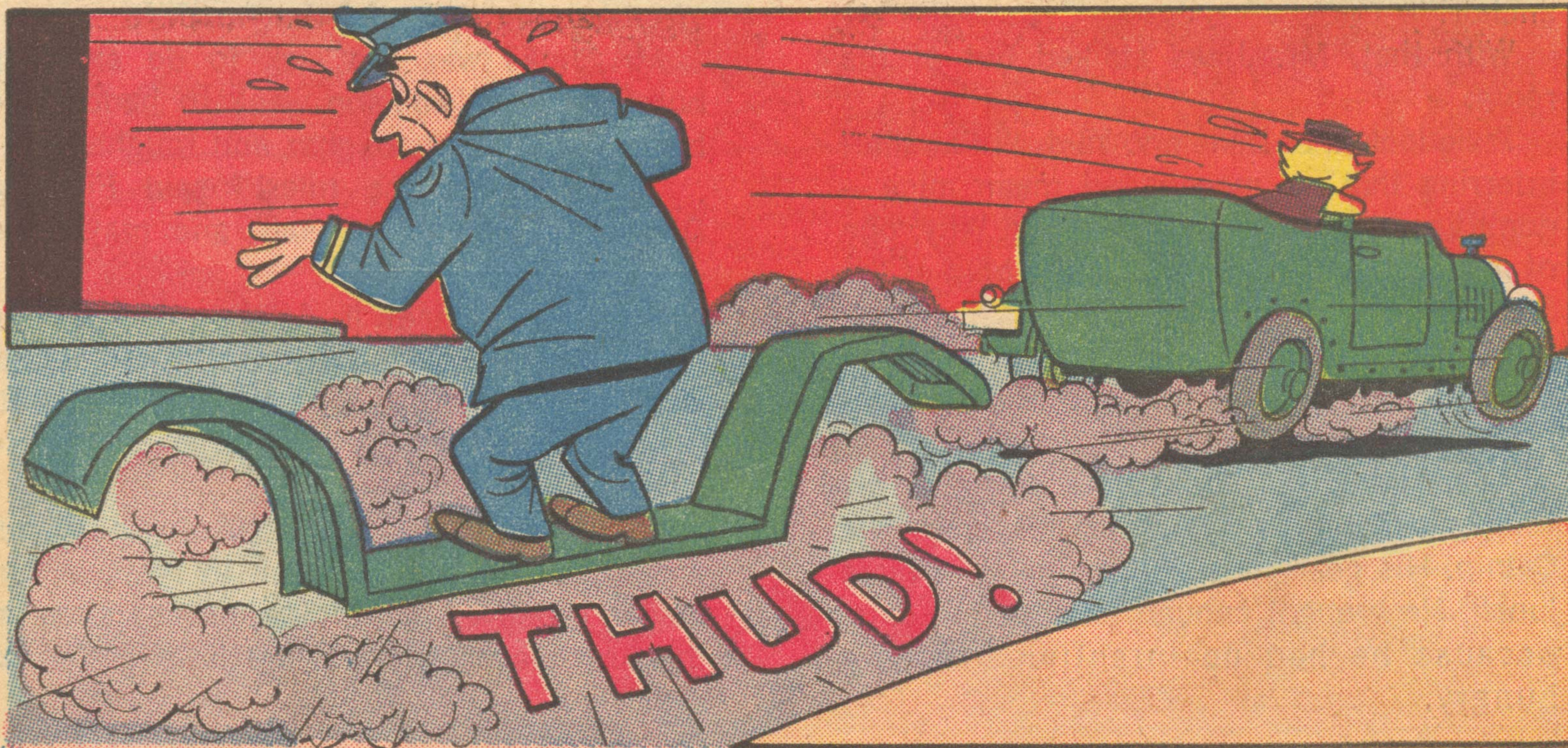
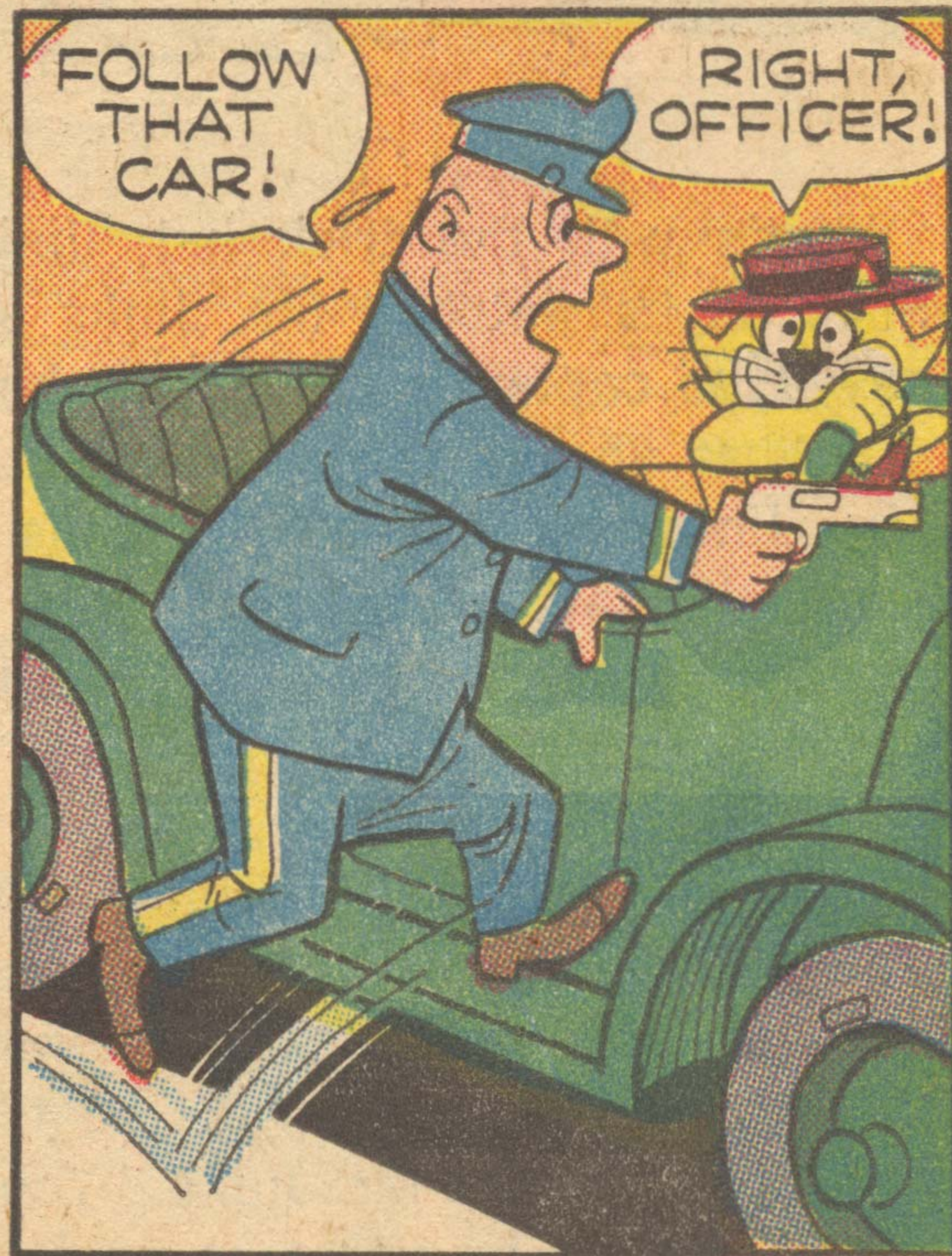
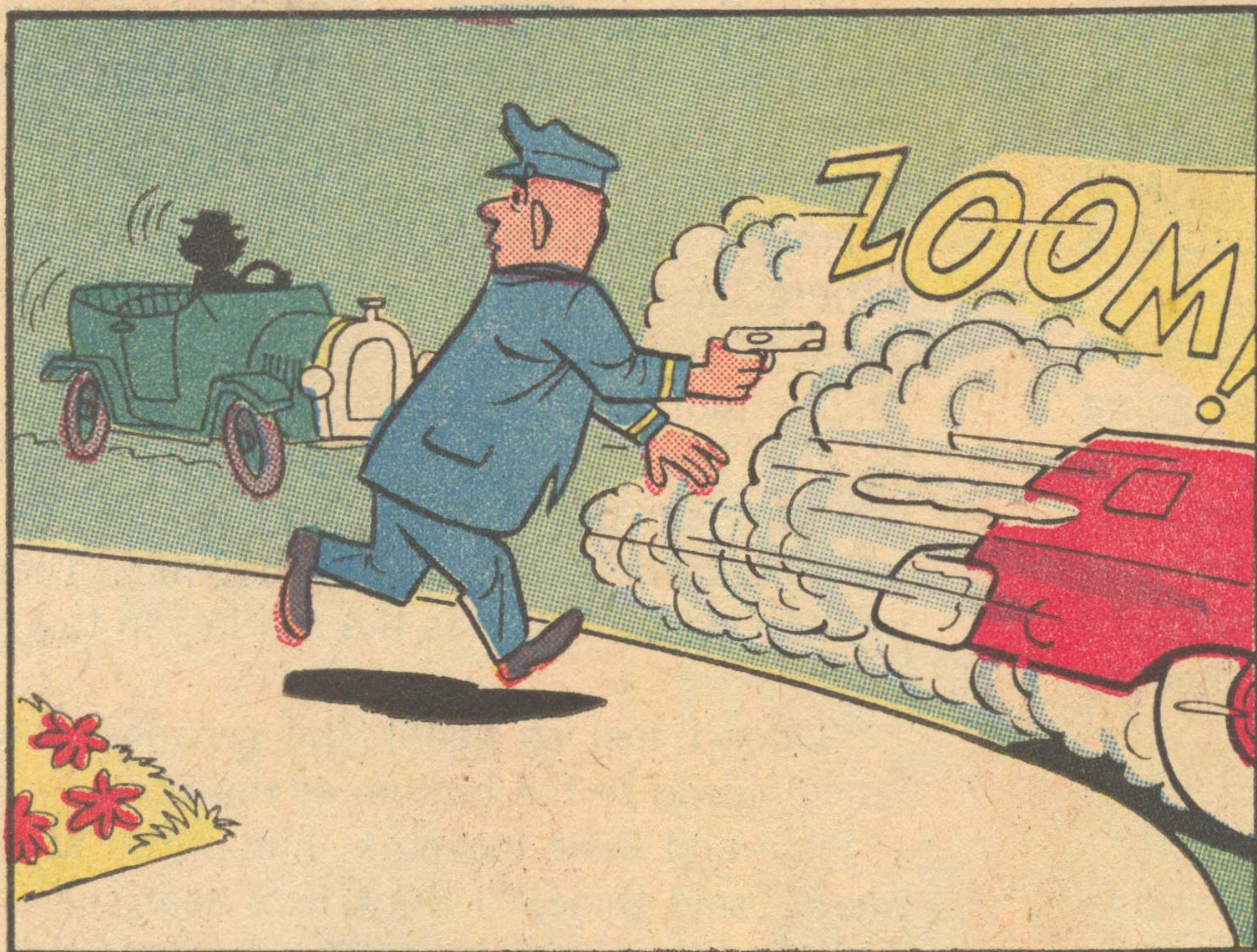
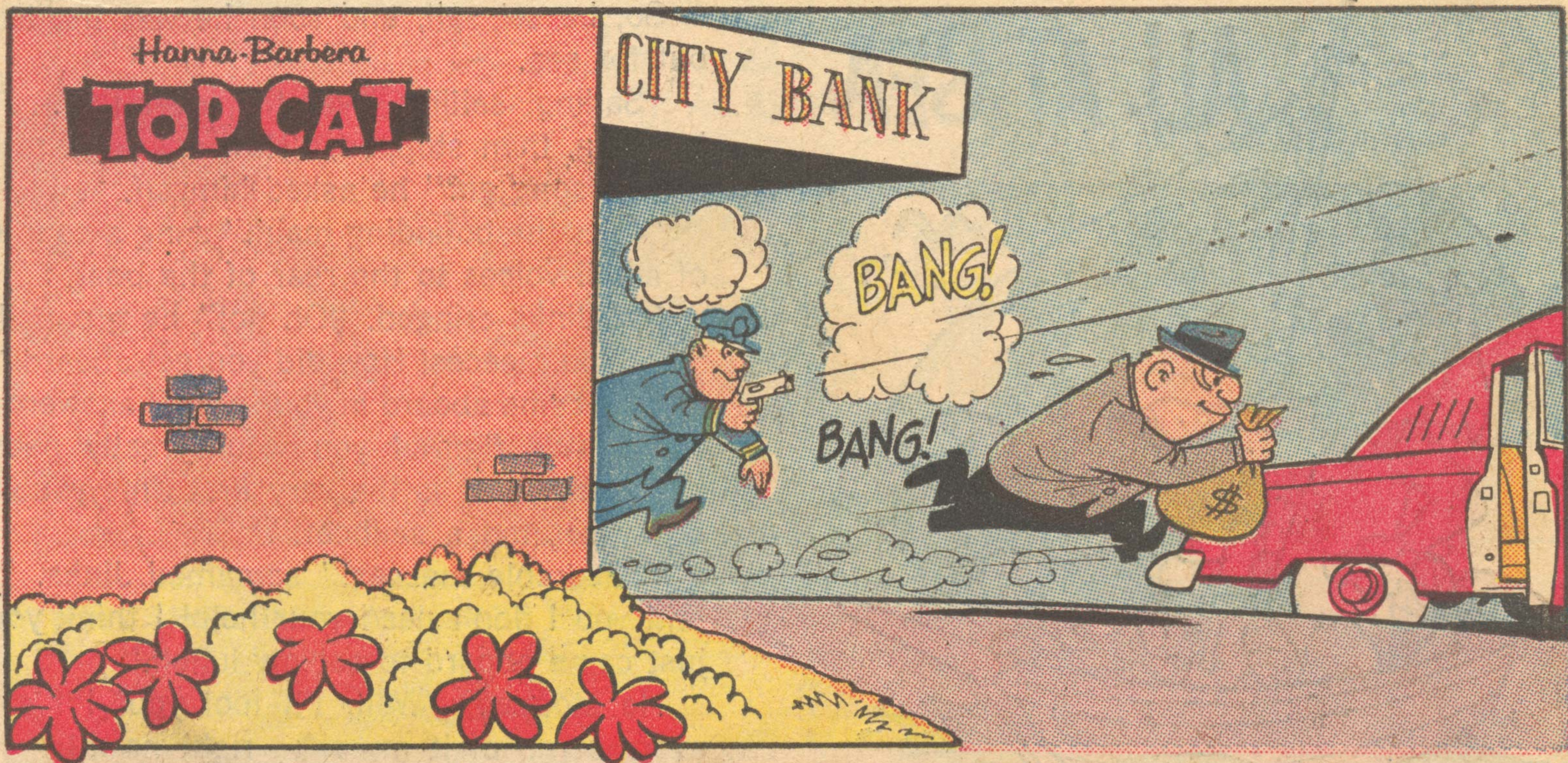
"Yeah!" said Pixie. "Who wouldn't be after gulping down all that food!"

Mr. Jinks was too sick to do anything but groan. He was too weak to handle the boat. The sea got rougher and rougher.

"You operate the tiller!" said Pixie to Dixie. "I'll handle the sail, and maybe we can get to shore!"

They finally made it. As the mice tied the boat up at the pier, Pixie said to Mr. Jinks, who was still lying in the bottom of the boat, "We're safe, Jinksy! Aren't you glad we came along to help?"

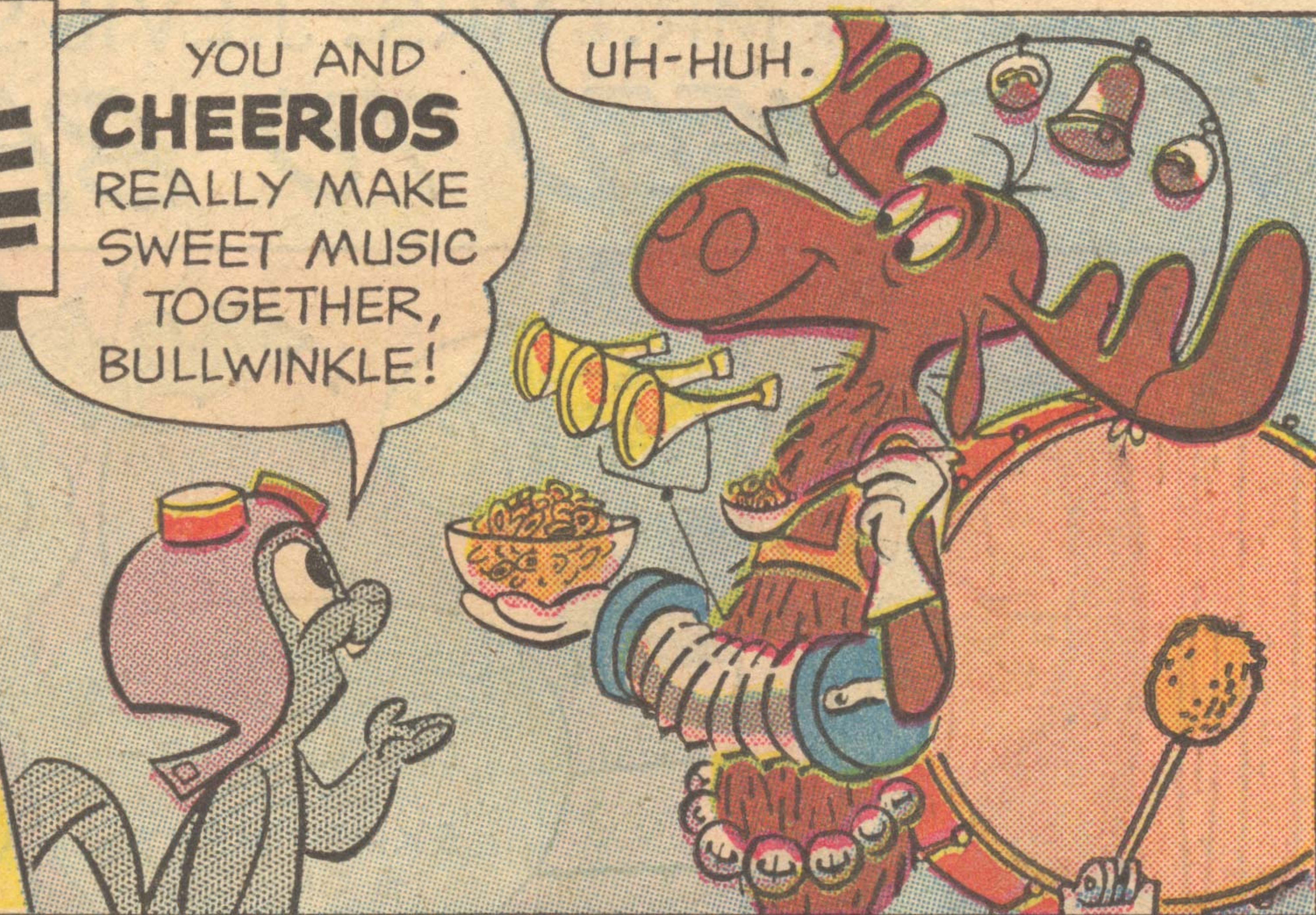
Mr. Jinks still couldn't do anything but groan, but he had to admit to himself that maybe if he had invited the meeces along in the first place he would not have gotten so seasick!



ROCKY and BULLWINKLE

YOU AND **CHEERIOS** REALLY MAKE SWEET MUSIC TOGETHER, BULLWINKLE!

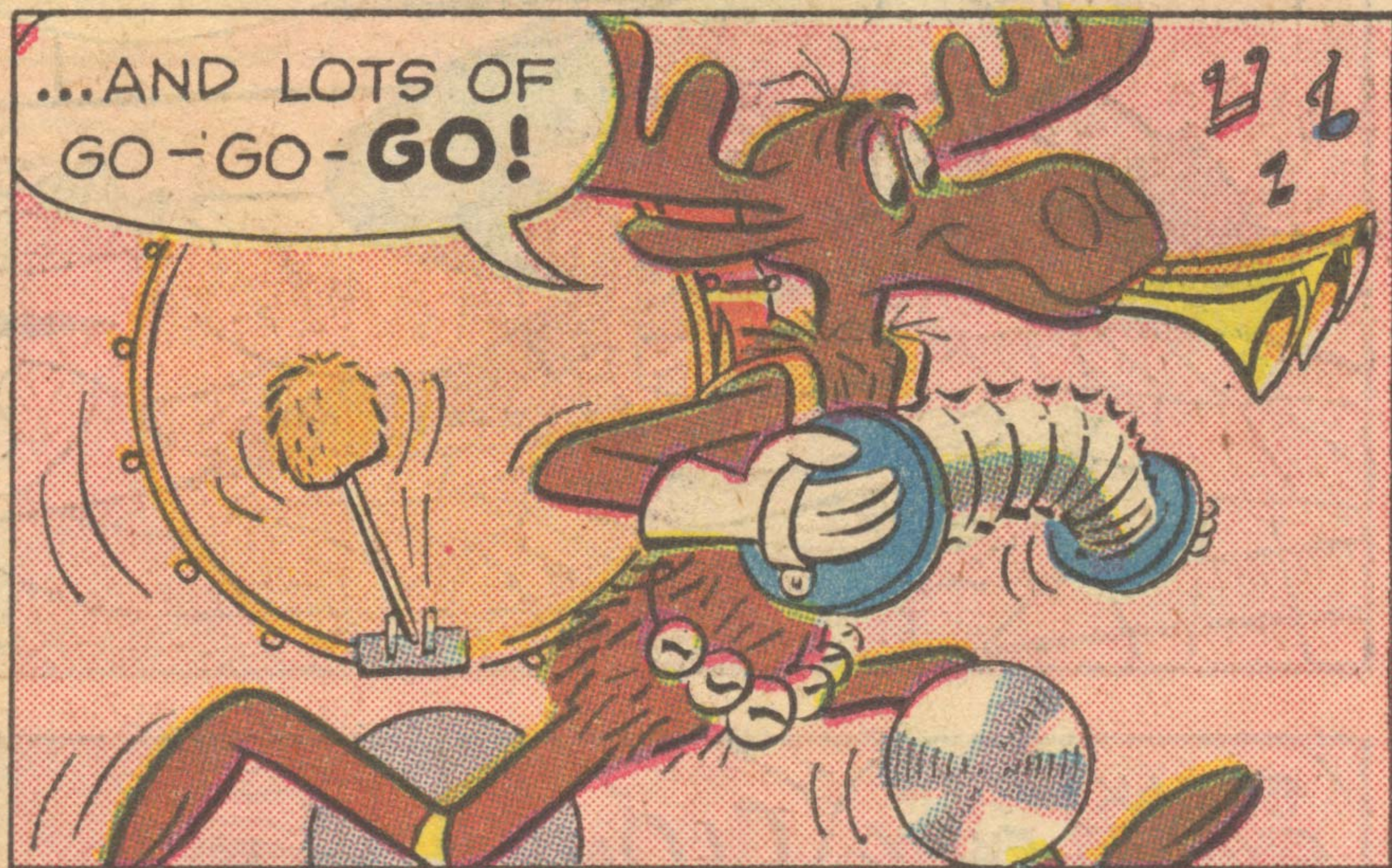
UH-HUH.



CHEERIOS N' MILK GIVE US PEOPLE MUSCLE-MAKIN' PROTEIN...

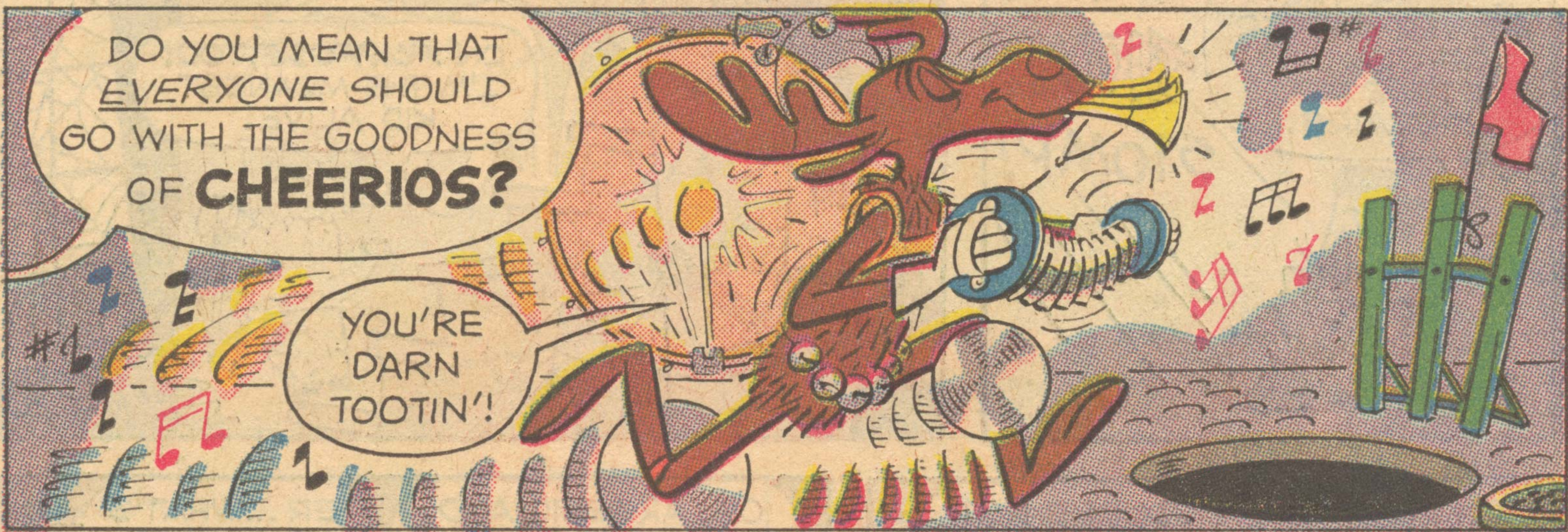


...AND LOTS OF GO-GO-GO!

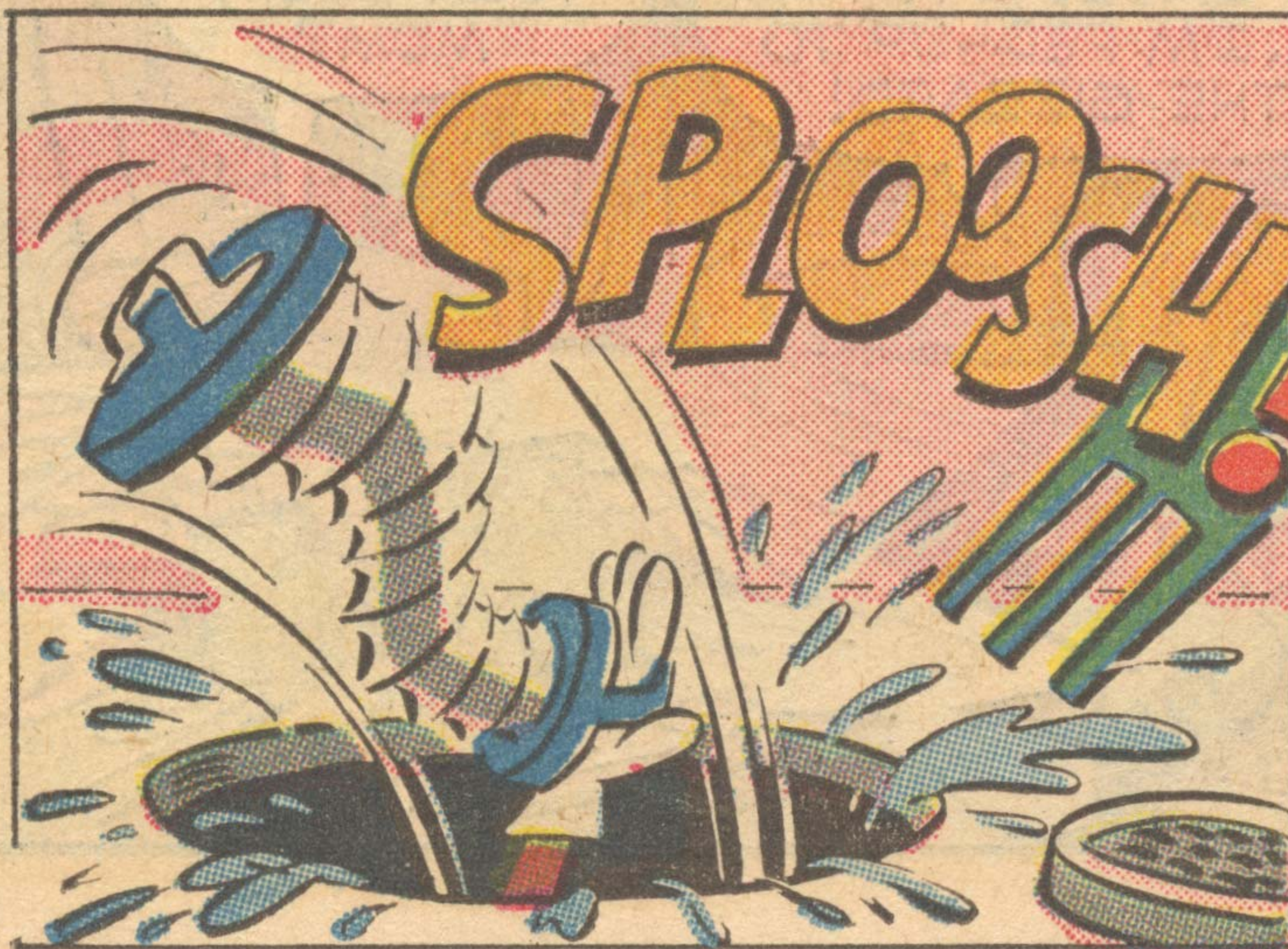


DO YOU MEAN THAT EVERYONE SHOULD GO WITH THE GOODNESS OF **CHEERIOS**?

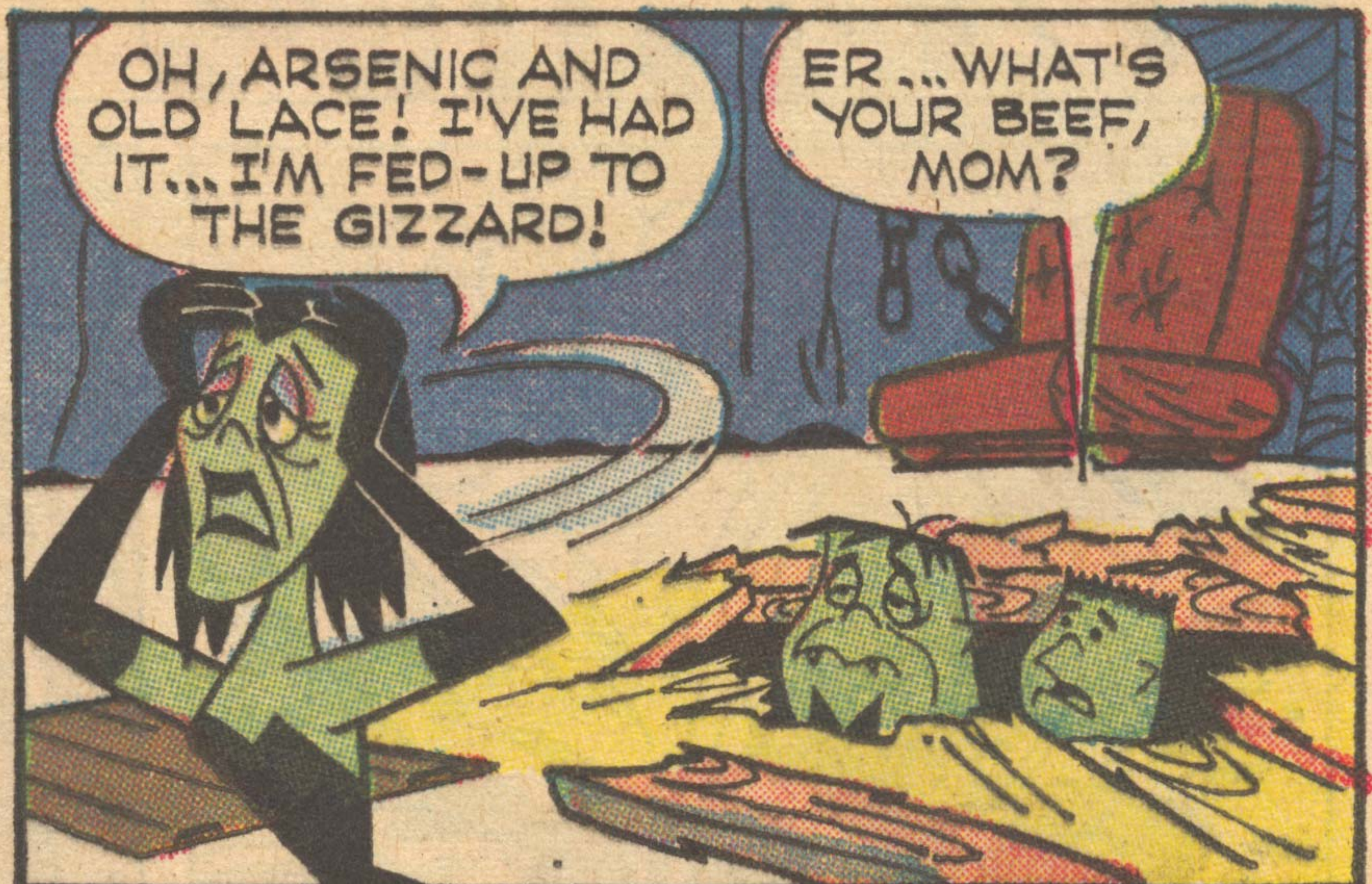
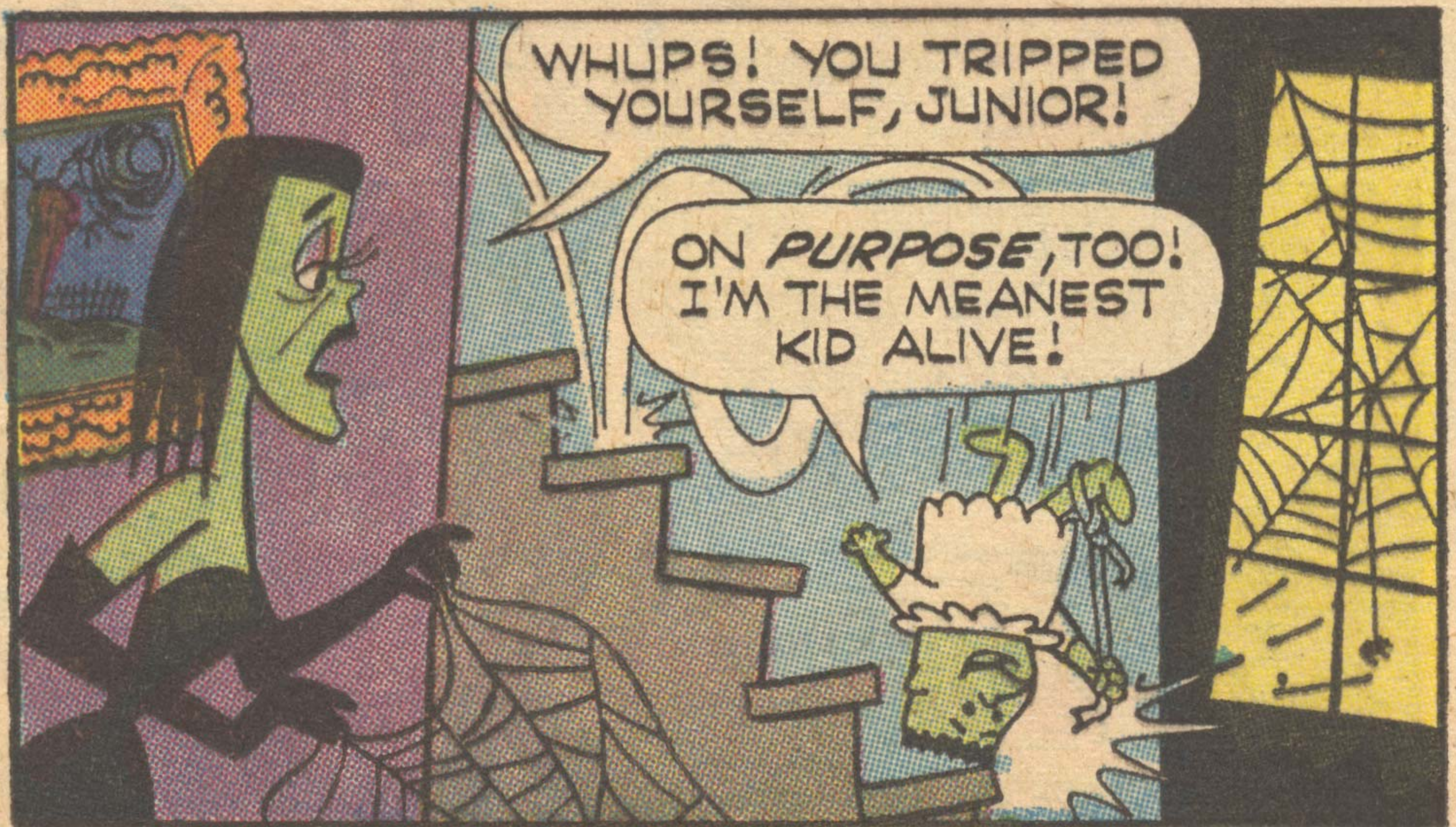
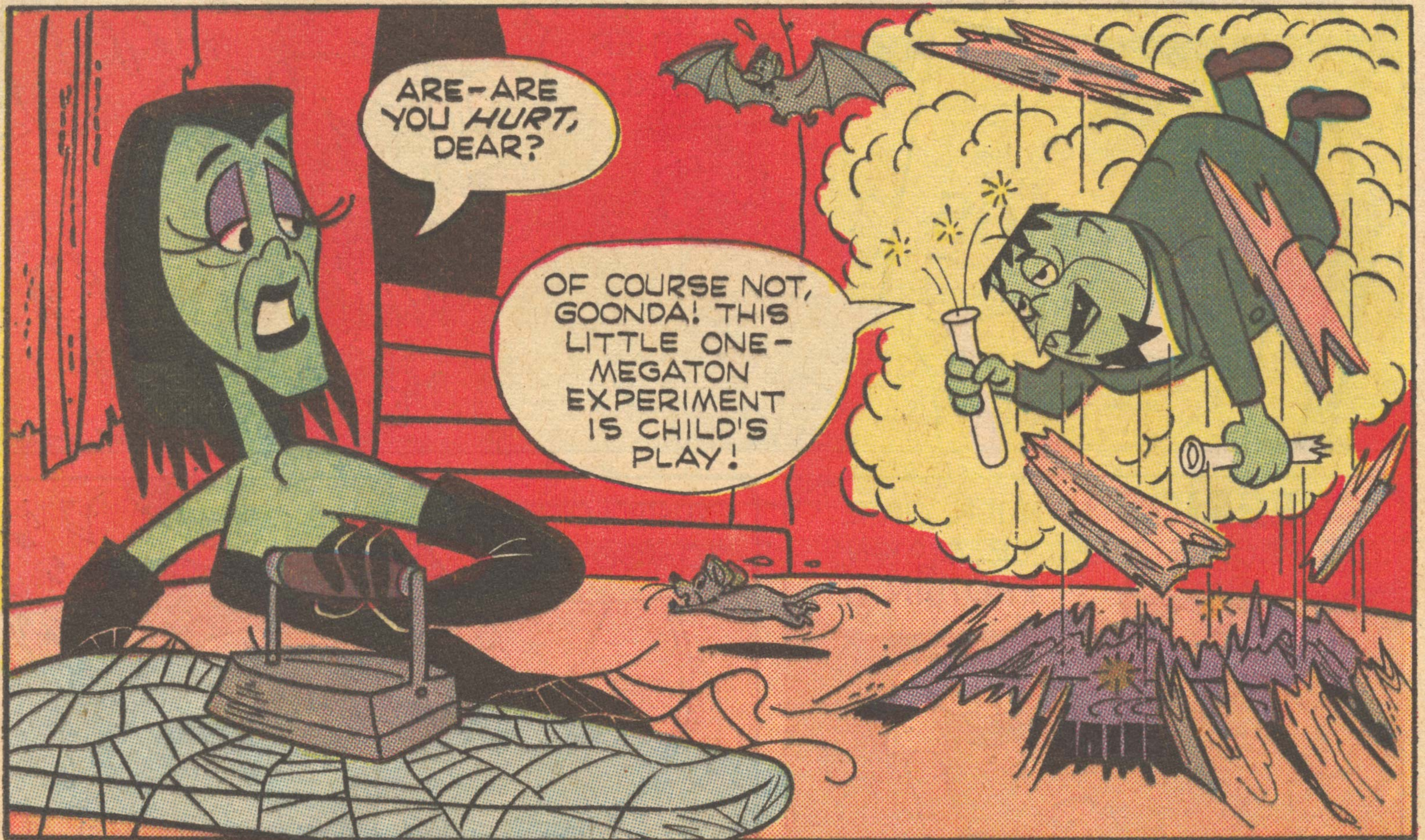
YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN'!

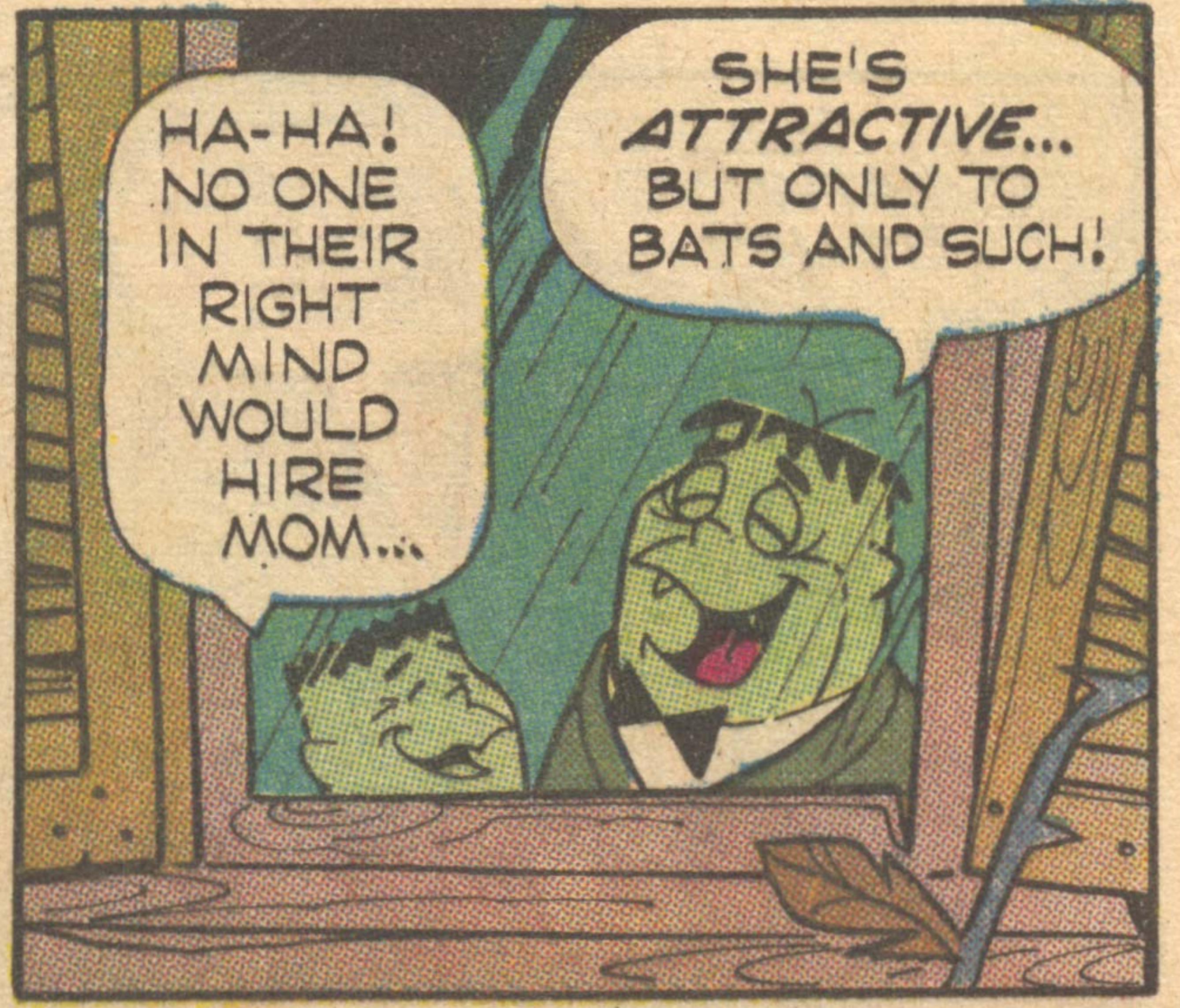
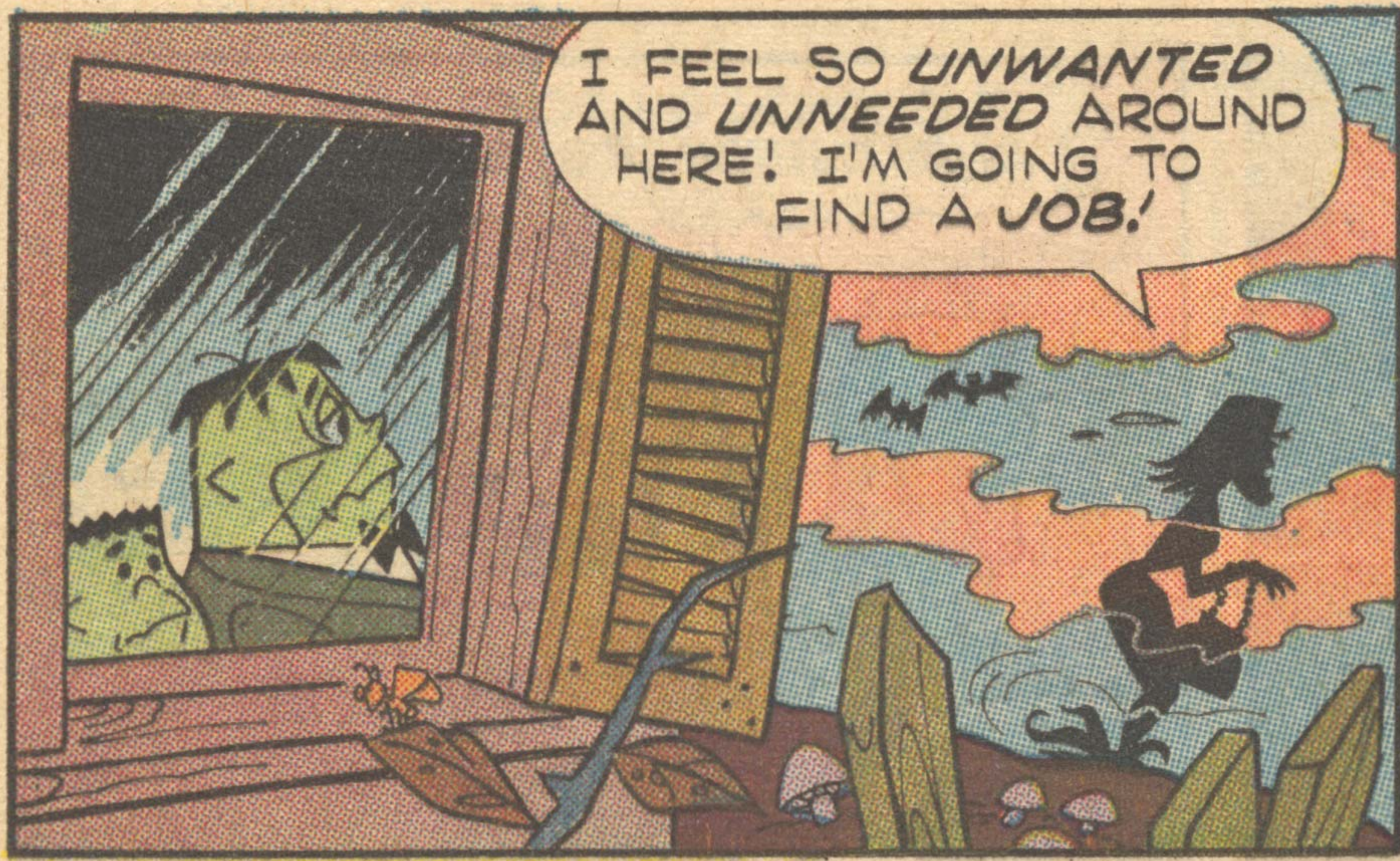


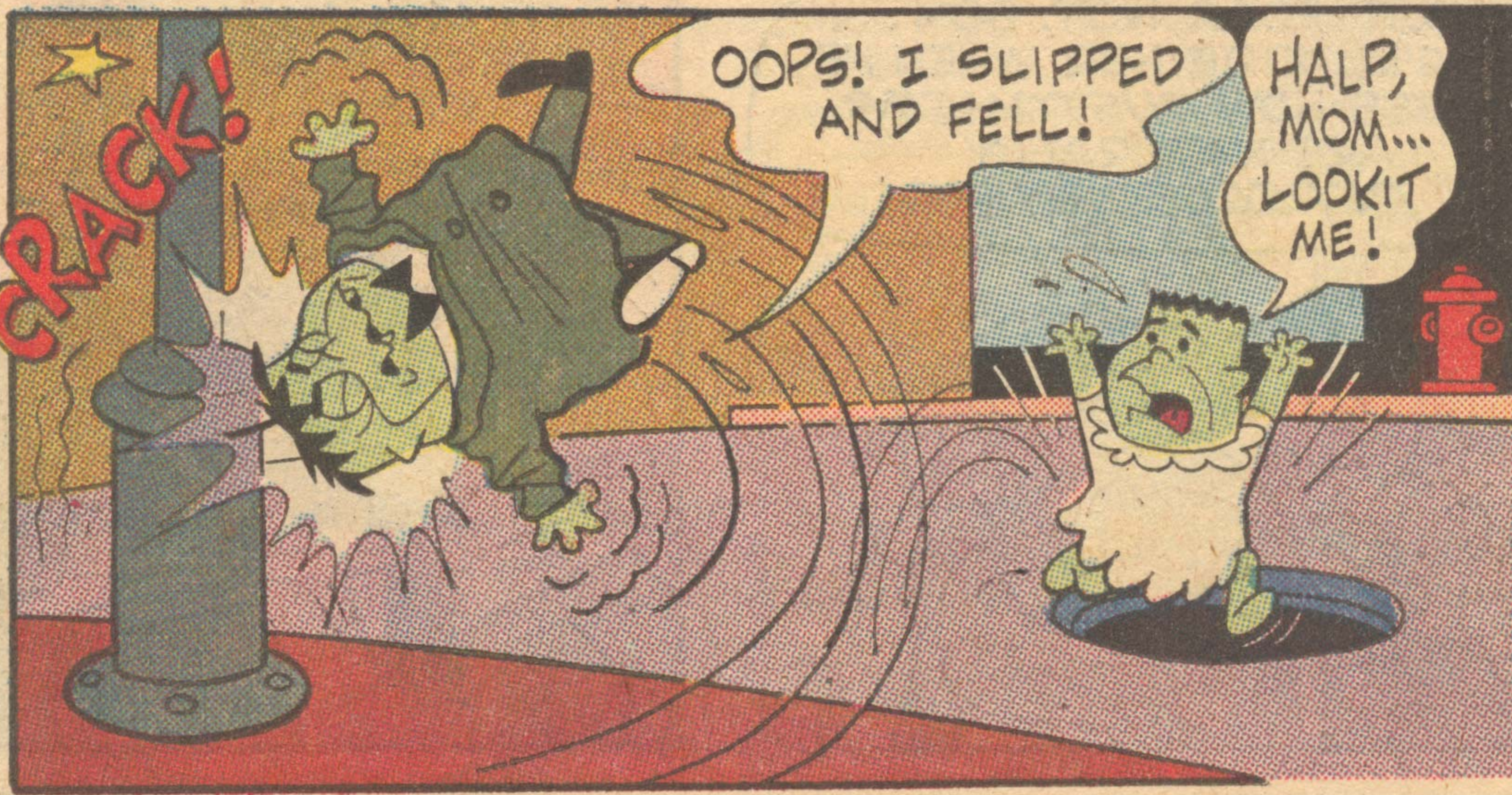
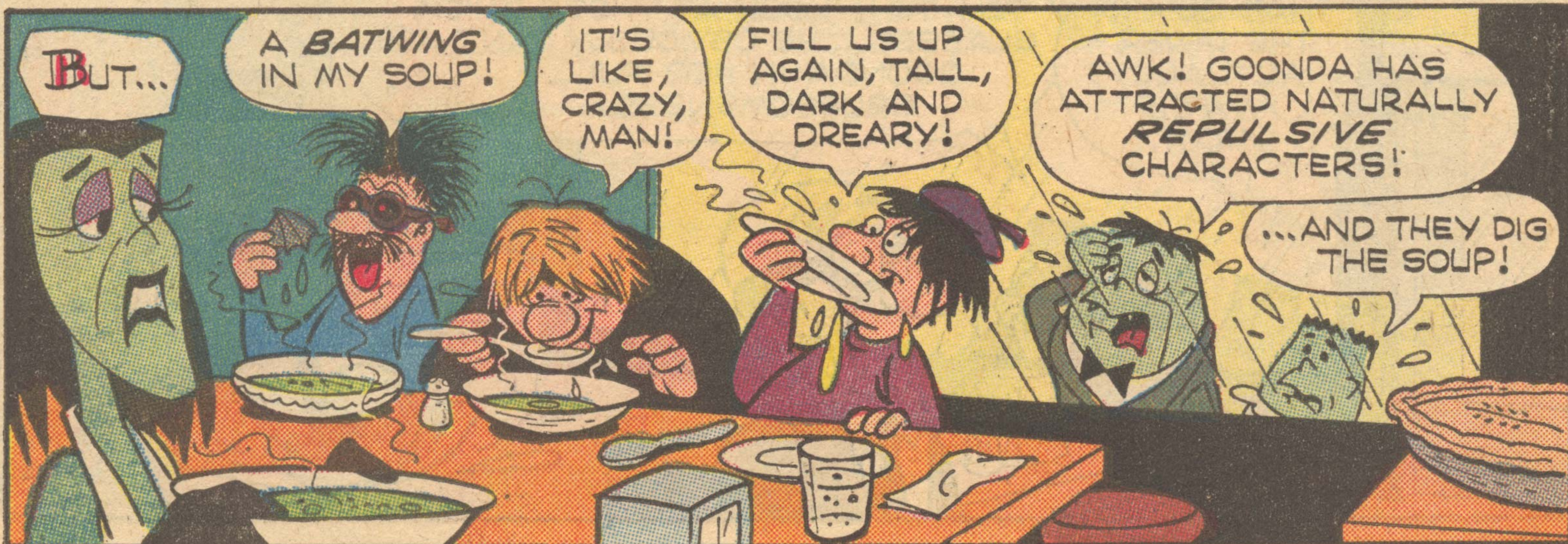
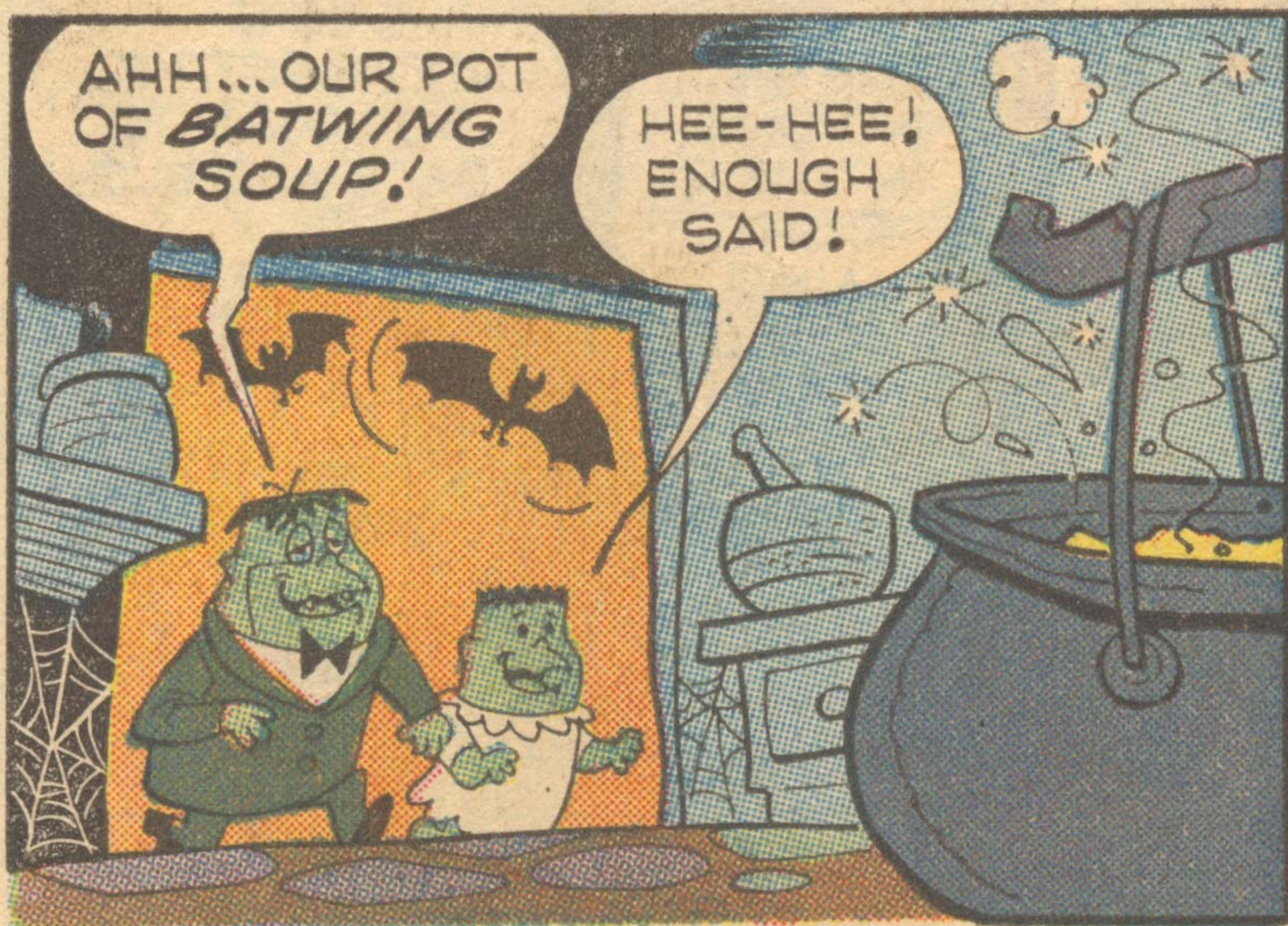
BUT THEY SHOULD WATCH WHERE THEY'RE GOING!

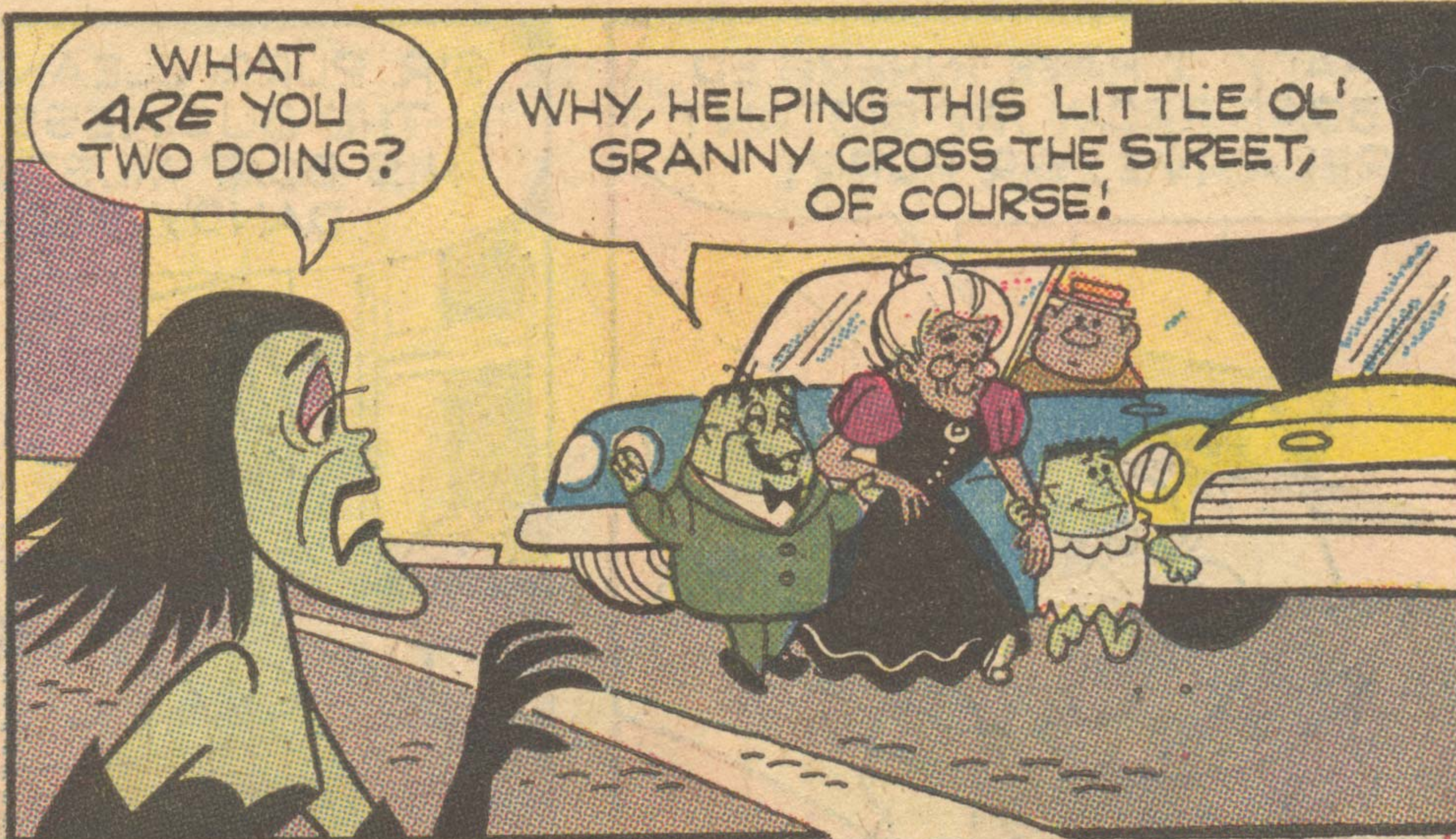
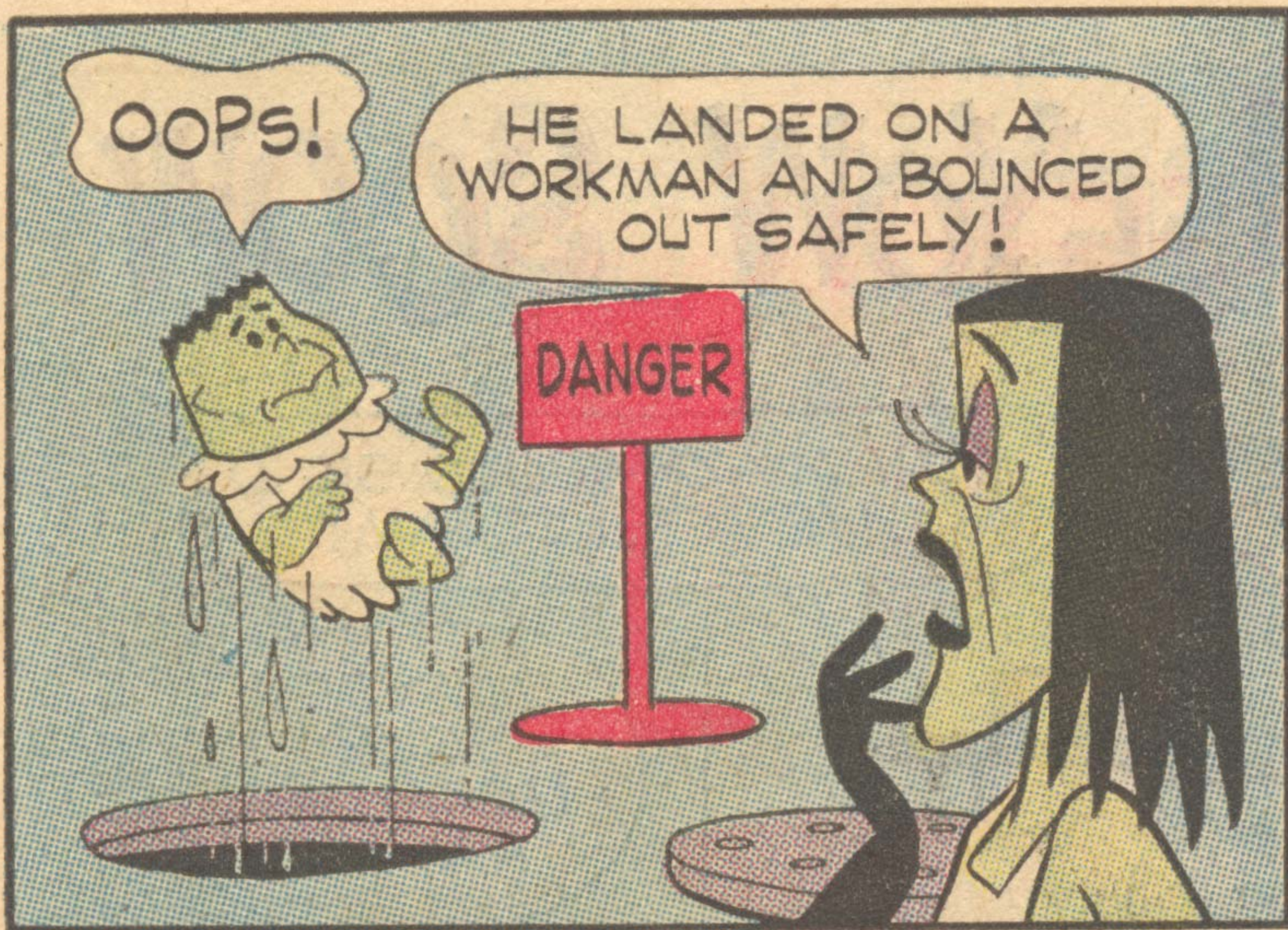


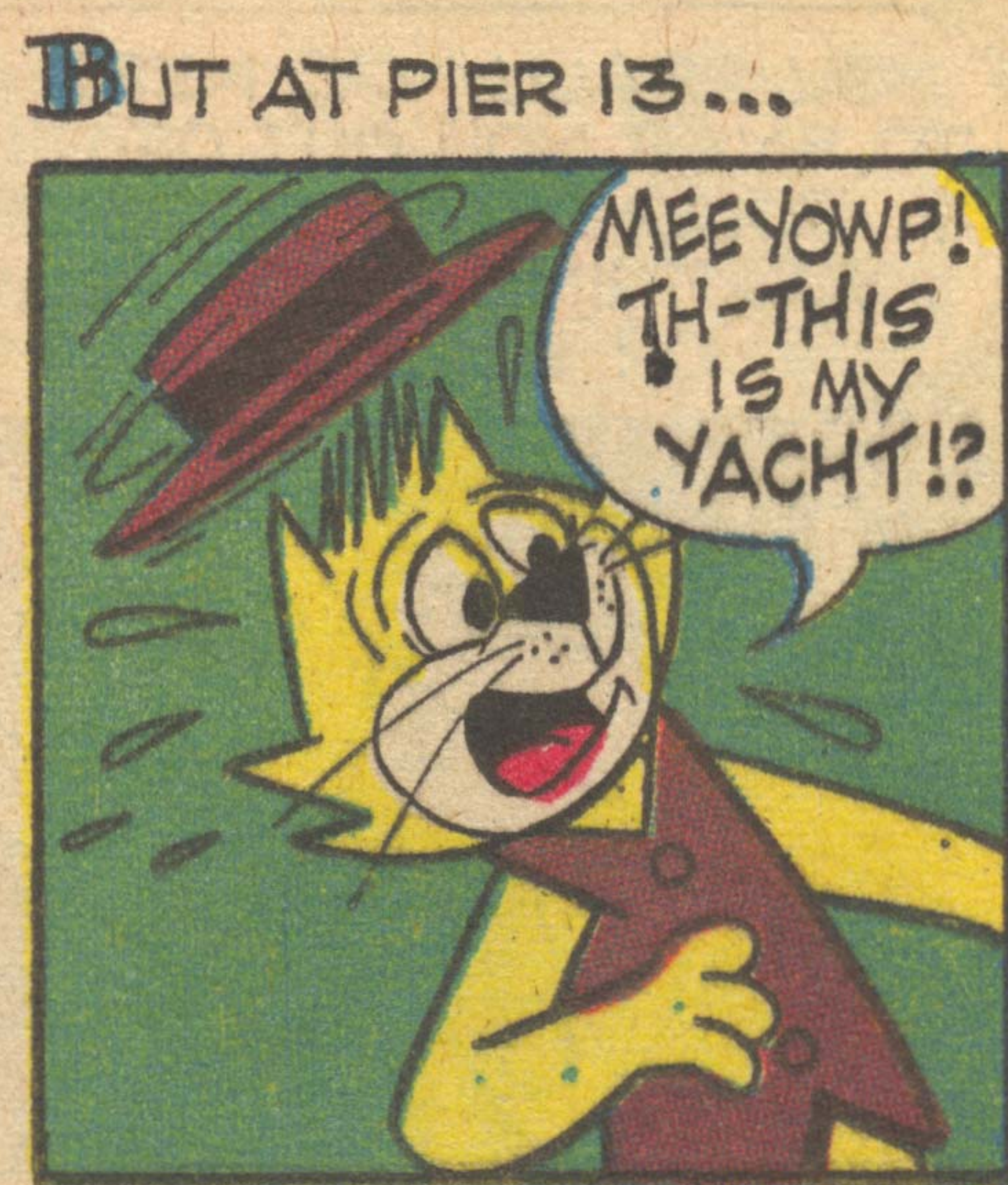
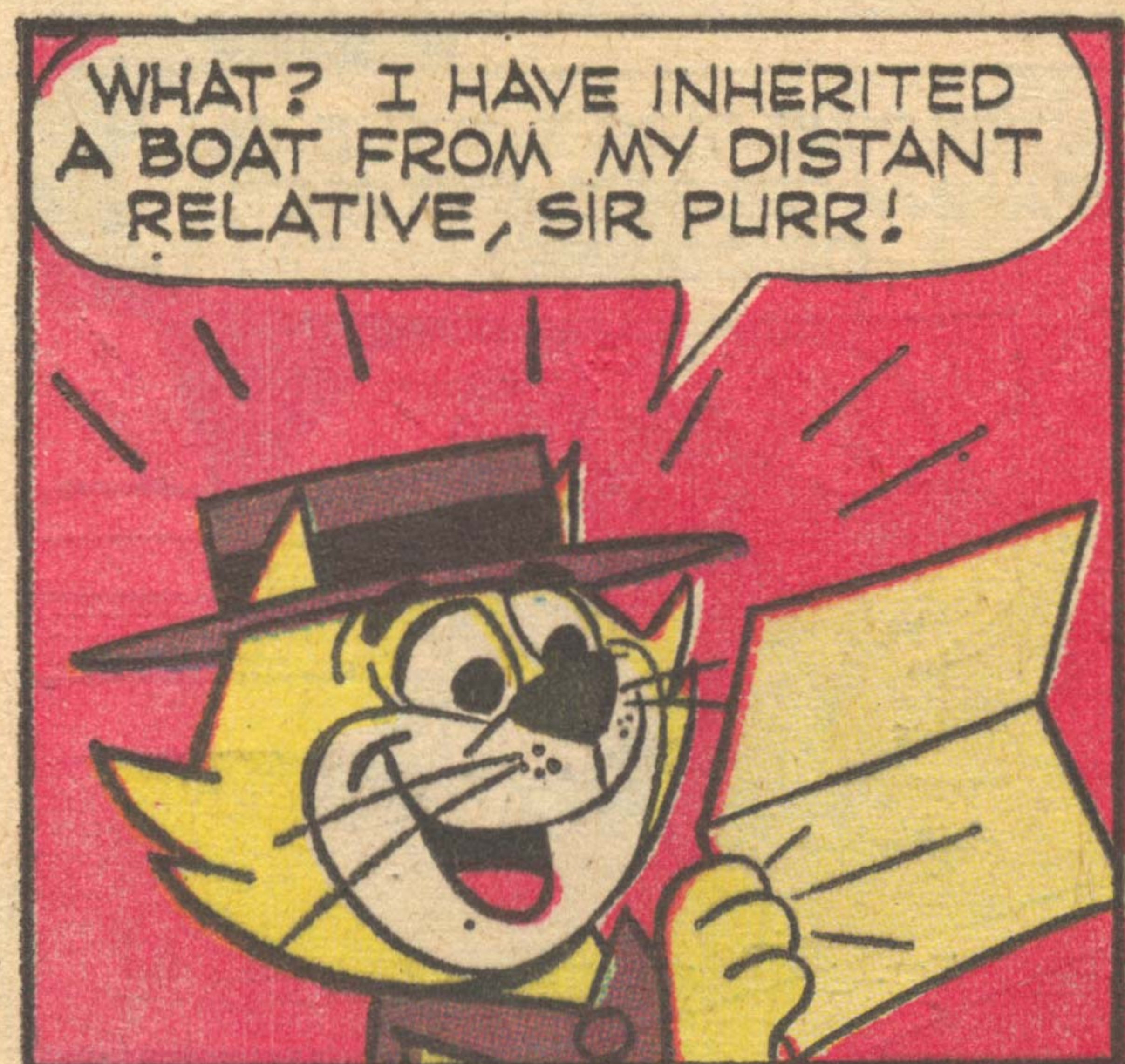
Hanna-Barbera MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST
THE NEED TO BE NEEDED

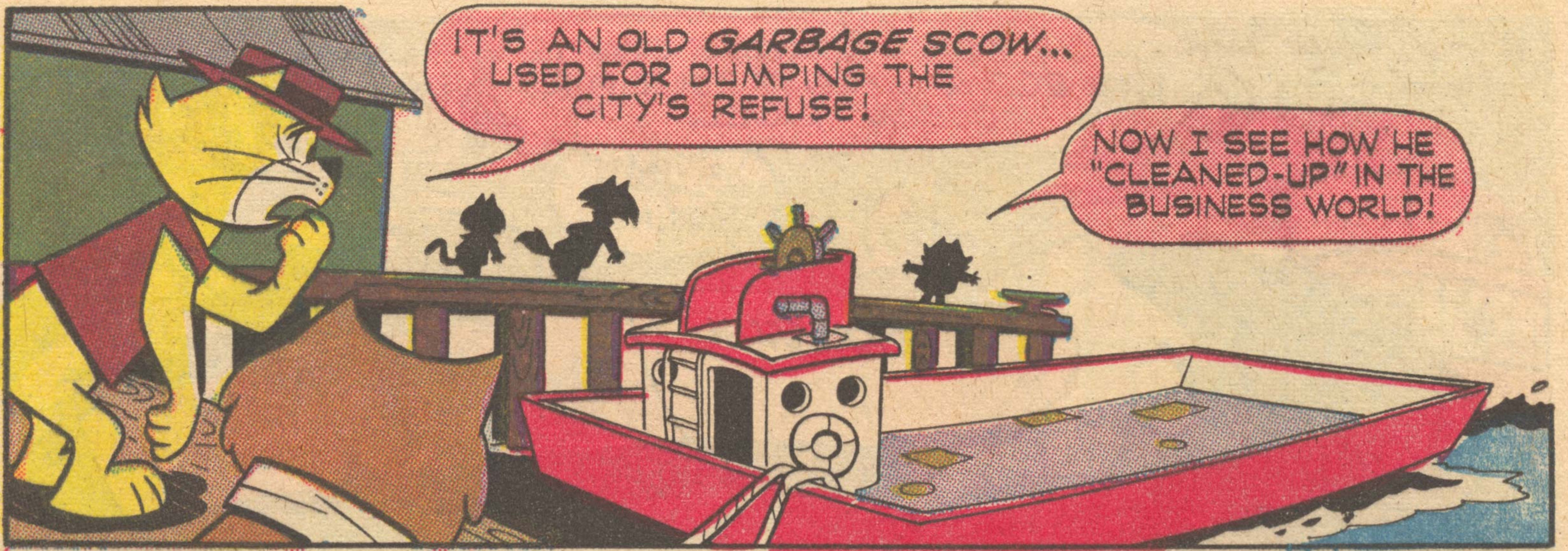












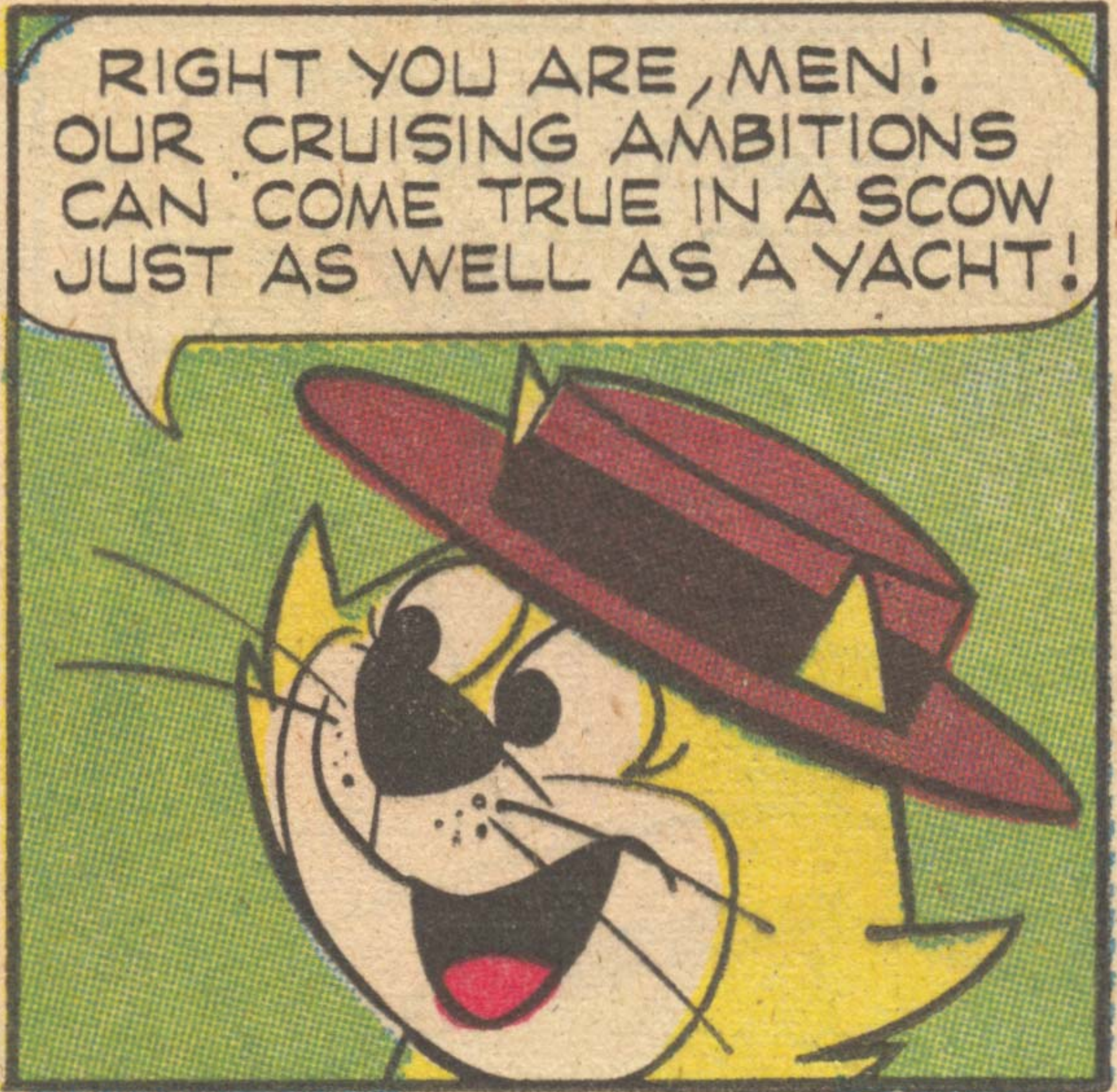
IT'S AN OLD *GARBAGE SCOW*...
USED FOR DUMPING THE
CITY'S REFUSE!

NOW I SEE HOW HE
"CLEANED-UP" IN THE
BUSINESS WORLD!

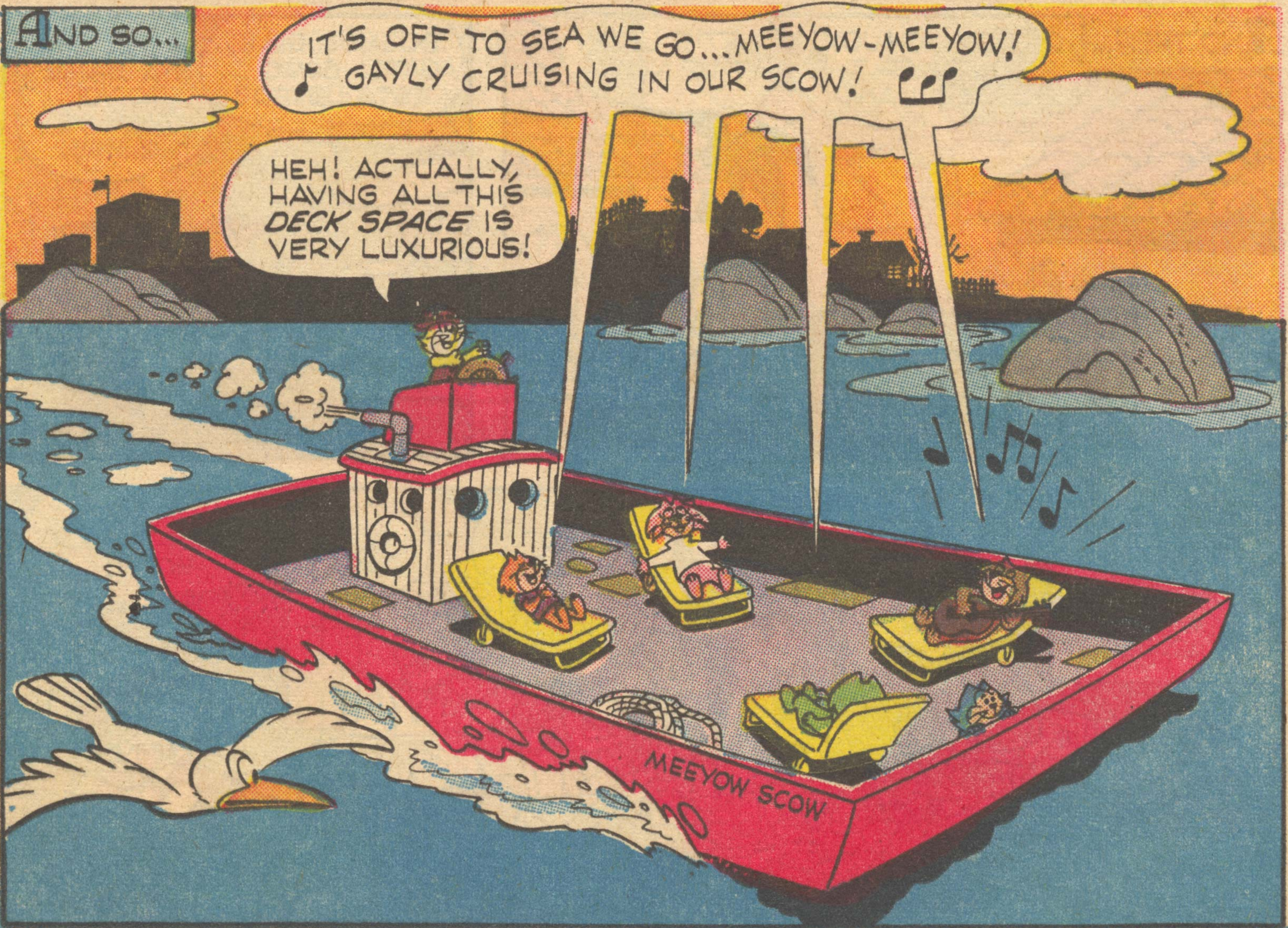


DON'T LOOK A GIFT-SCOW
IN THE BOW, T.C....IT'S STILL
A BOAT THAT FLOATS!

YEAH...WE
CAN STILL
GO PLACES
IN IT!



RIGHT YOU ARE, MEN!
OUR CRUISING AMBITIONS
CAN COME TRUE IN A SCOW
JUST AS WELL AS A YACHT!



AND SO...

IT'S OFF TO SEA WE GO...MEEYOW-MEEYOW!
♪ GAYLY CRUISING IN OUR SCOW! ♪

HEH! ACTUALLY,
HAVING ALL THIS
DECK SPACE IS
VERY LUXURIOUS!

MEEYOW SCOW

BUT SOON...

OH-OH! LOW-FLOATING CRAFTS
LIKE SCOWS WEREN'T BUILT FOR
OCEAN TRAVEL!

HALP! WE'RE BEING
WAVED AT!

GLURG!
MUTINY!

BLUB!

MEEYOW SCOW

WE'LL PUT IN TO THE
NEAREST PORT!

HURRY, T.C. ...WE CAN BARELY BAIL OUT THE
WATER AS FAST AS IT'S COMING IN!

SPLASH!

SPLASH!

AND THEN...

OH BOY—OH JOY!
A SOUTH OF THE
BORDER LAND!

LET'S LIVE
IT UP NOW!

BUENOS DIAS,
GATO! COMO
ESTA USTED?

ER... SAME
TO YOU,
CHUM... I
GUESS!

BUT THE
LANGUAGE
BARRIER
SOON
BECOMES
UNBEARABLE...

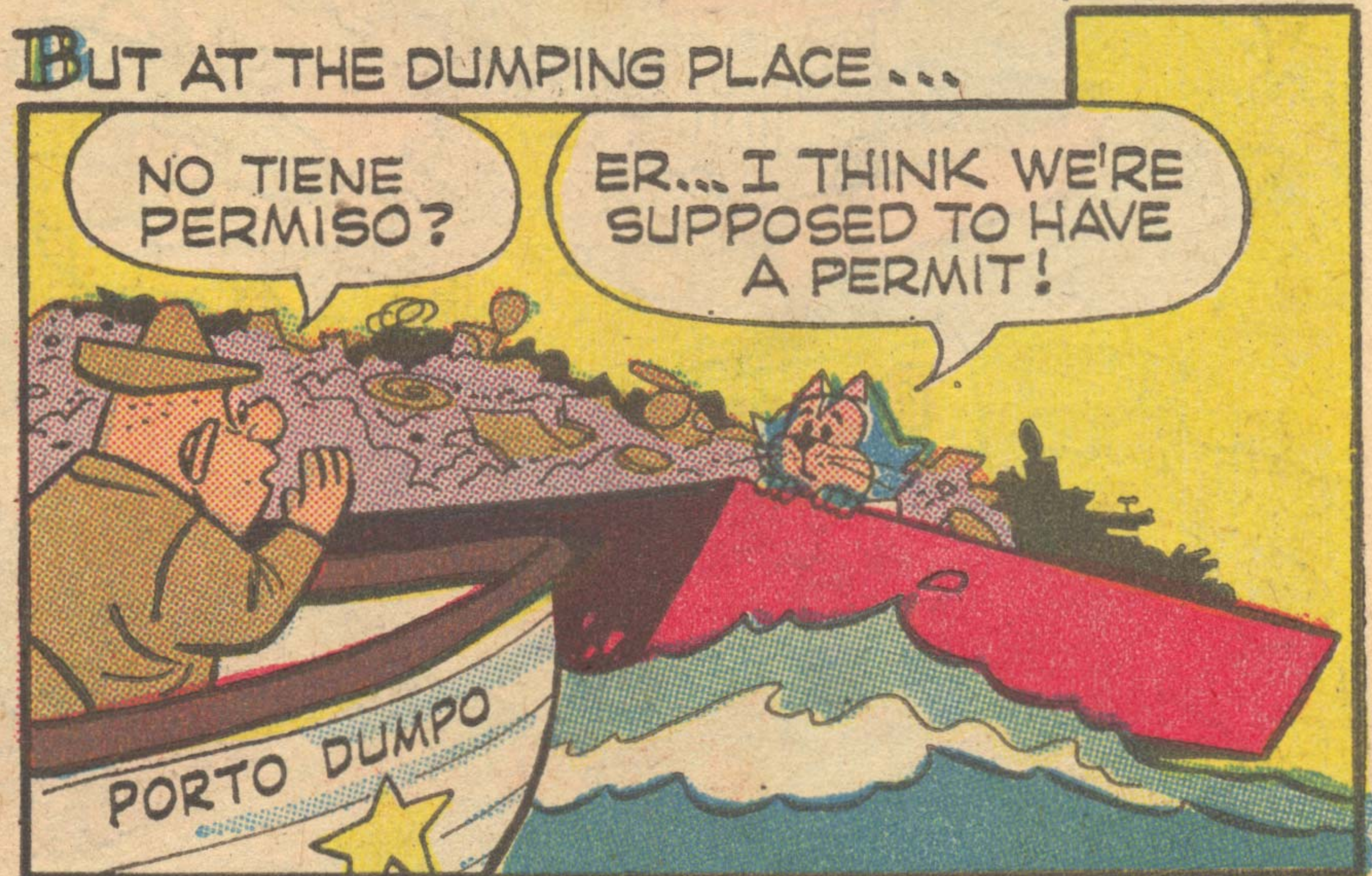
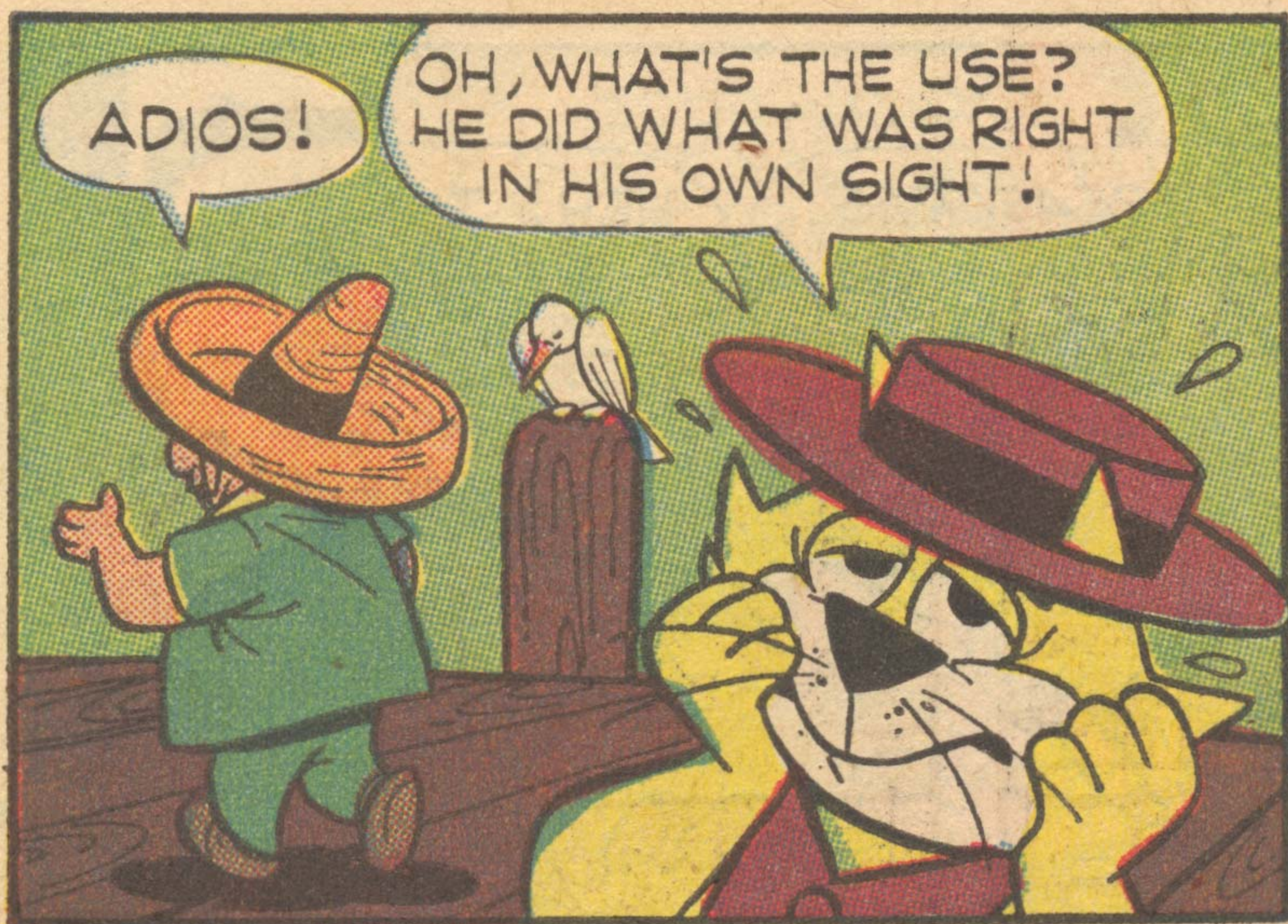
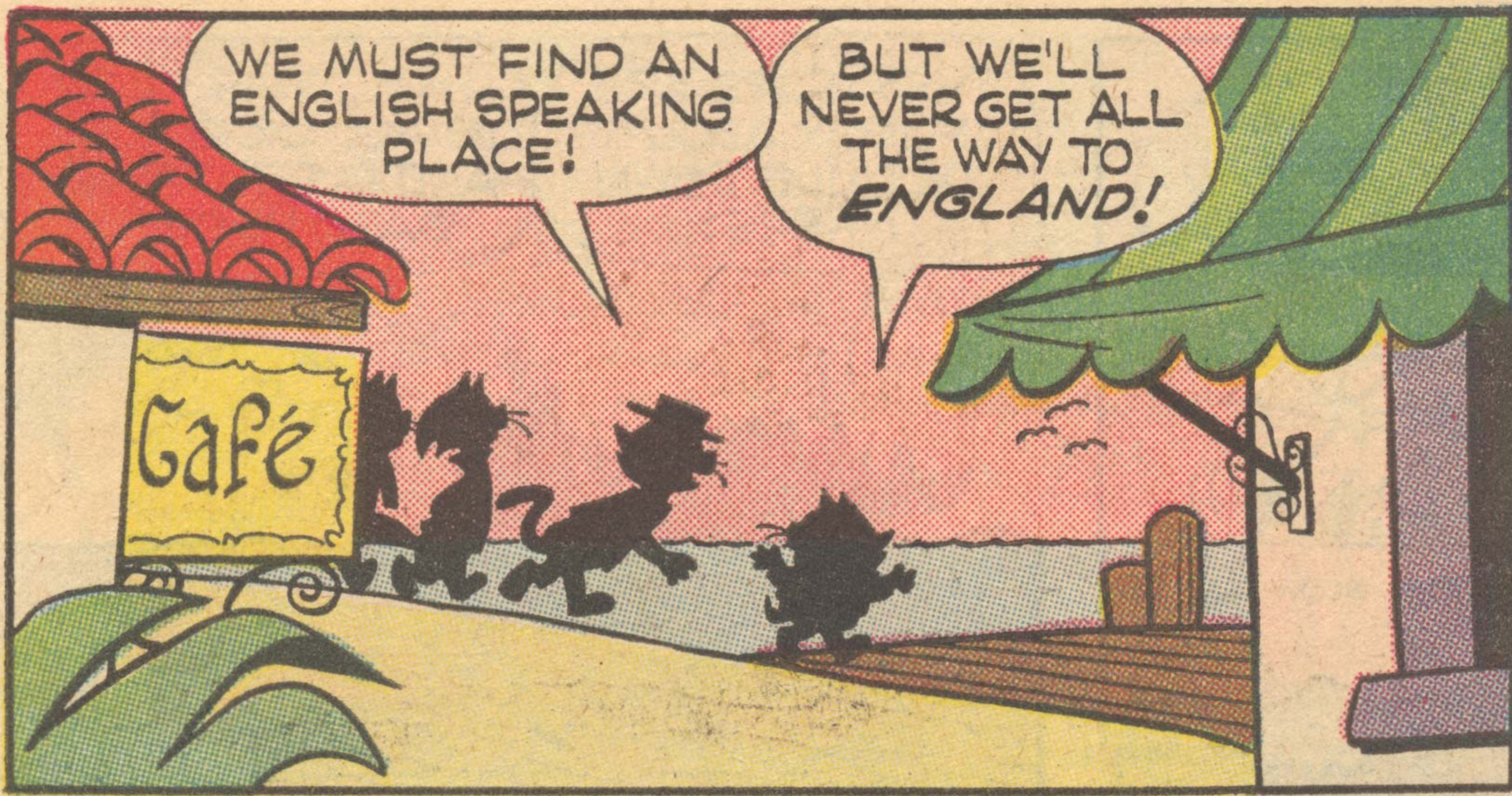
ALL WE
WANT IS
PLAIN OLD
CAT
FISH!

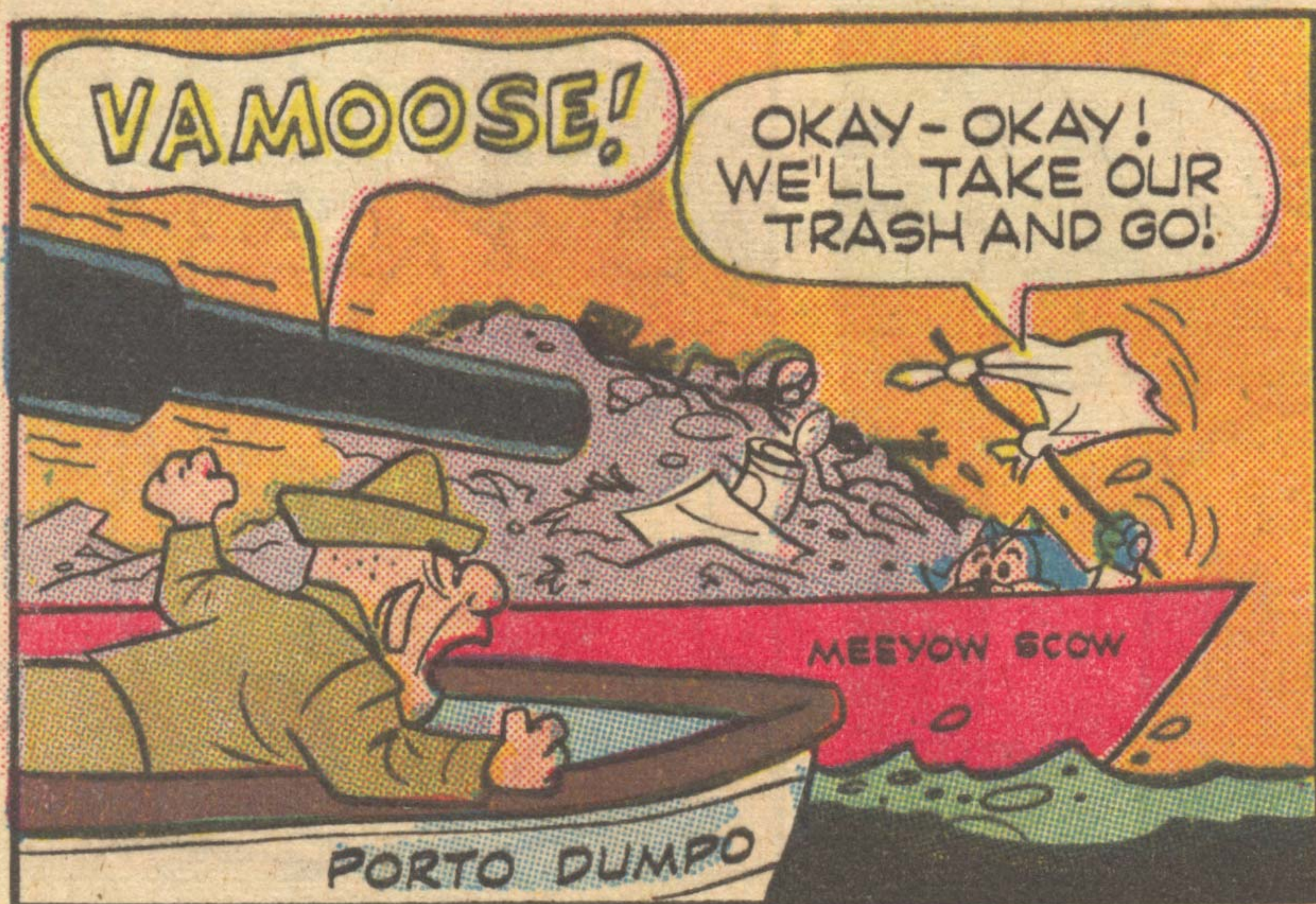
QUÉ?

YEEOW! ...
NOT HOT
TAMALES!

QUÉ
PASA?

C'MON, MEN...
BACK TO OUR
SCOW!





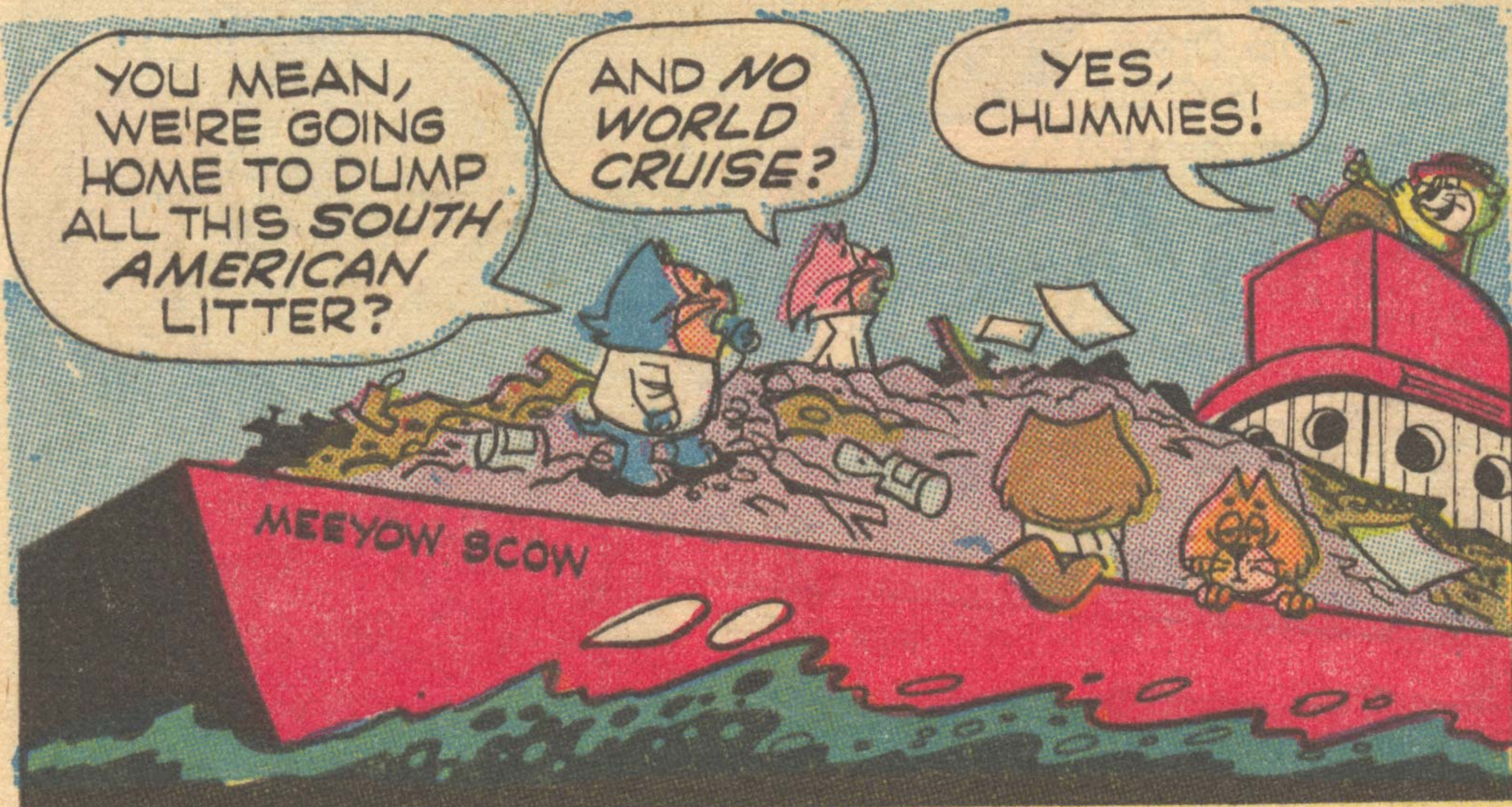
VAMOOSE!

OKAY-OKAY!
WE'LL TAKE OUR
TRASH AND GO!



THEY SURE ARE
FUSSY ABOUT
DETAILS DOWN
HERE!

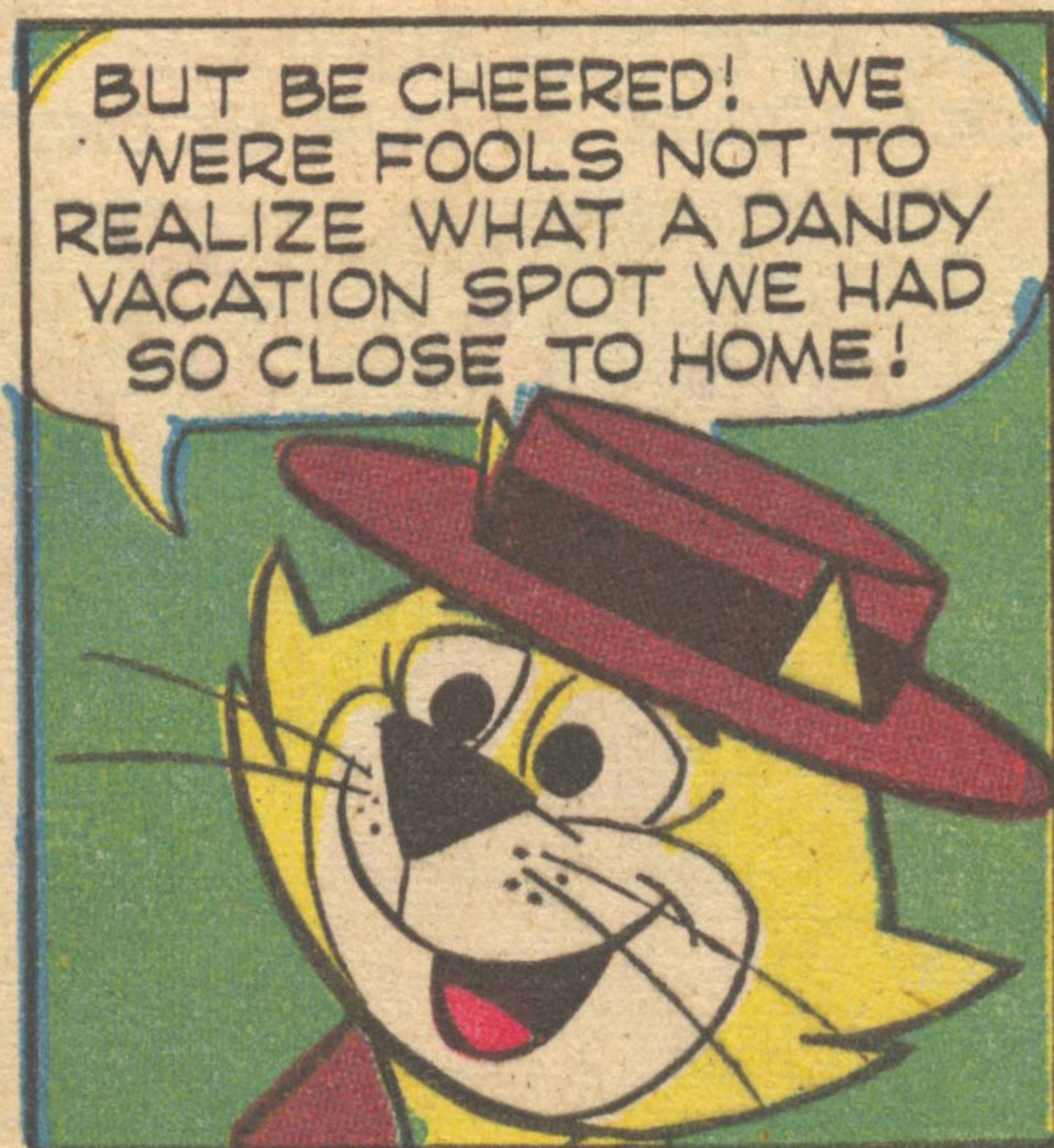
HMM...THIS SCOW
IS ALL LICENSED
AND EVERYTHING
BACK HOME!



YOU MEAN,
WE'RE GOING
HOME TO DUMP
ALL THIS *SOUTH
AMERICAN*
LITTER?

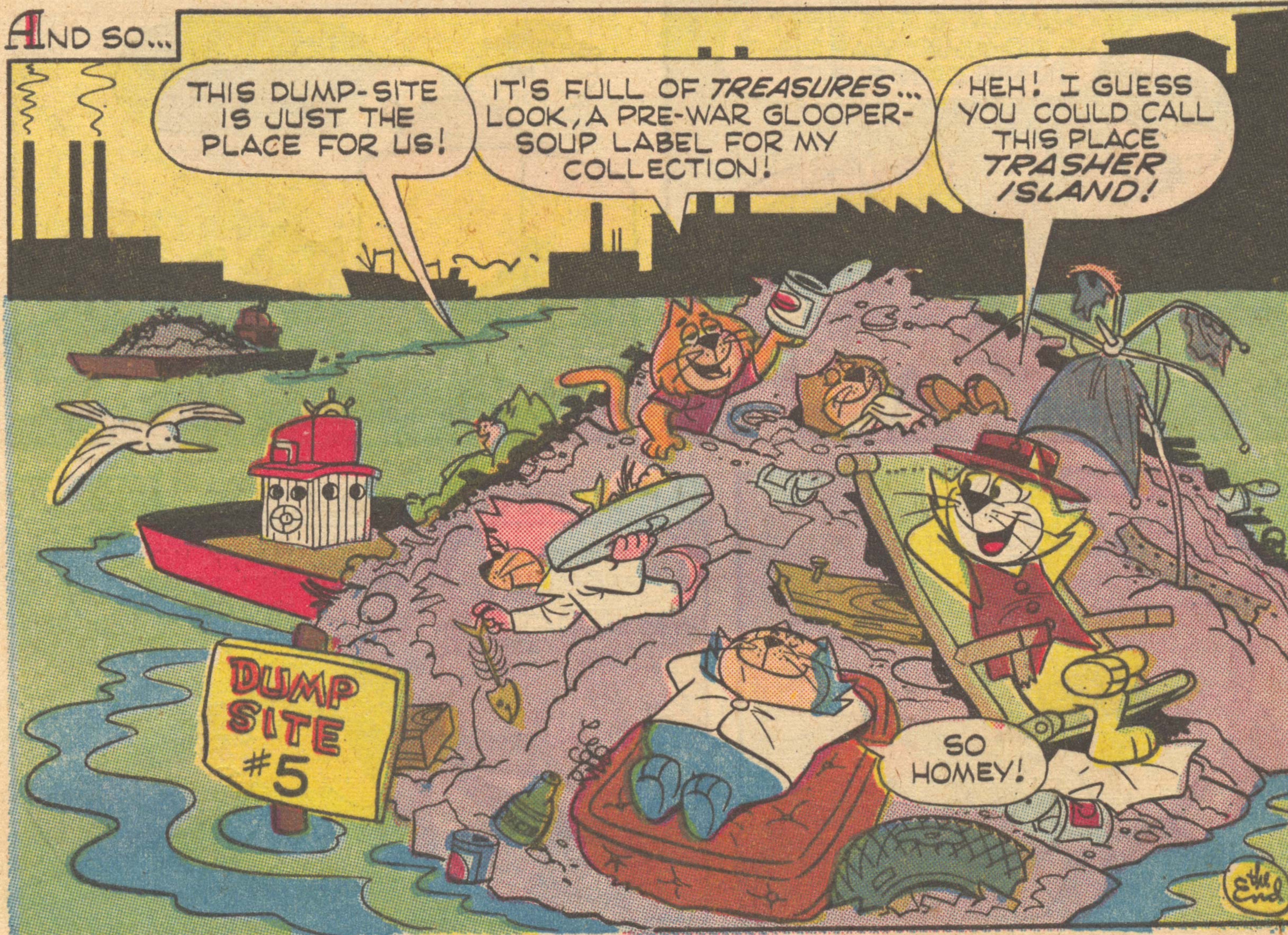
AND *NO
WORLD
CRUISE?*

YES,
CHUMMIES!



BUT BE CHEERED! WE
WERE FOOLS NOT TO
REALIZE WHAT A DANDY
VACATION SPOT WE HAD
SO CLOSE TO HOME!

AND SO...



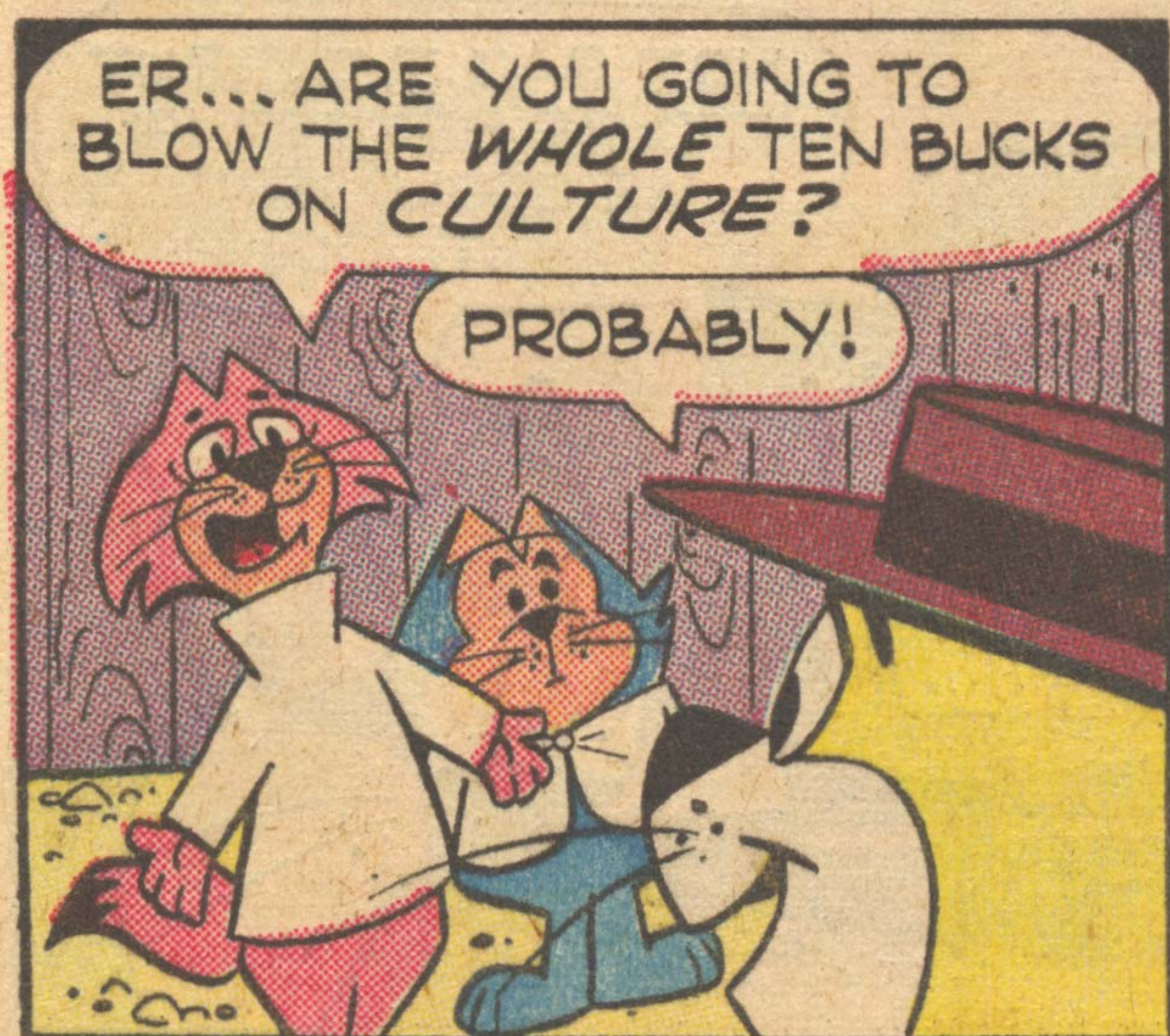
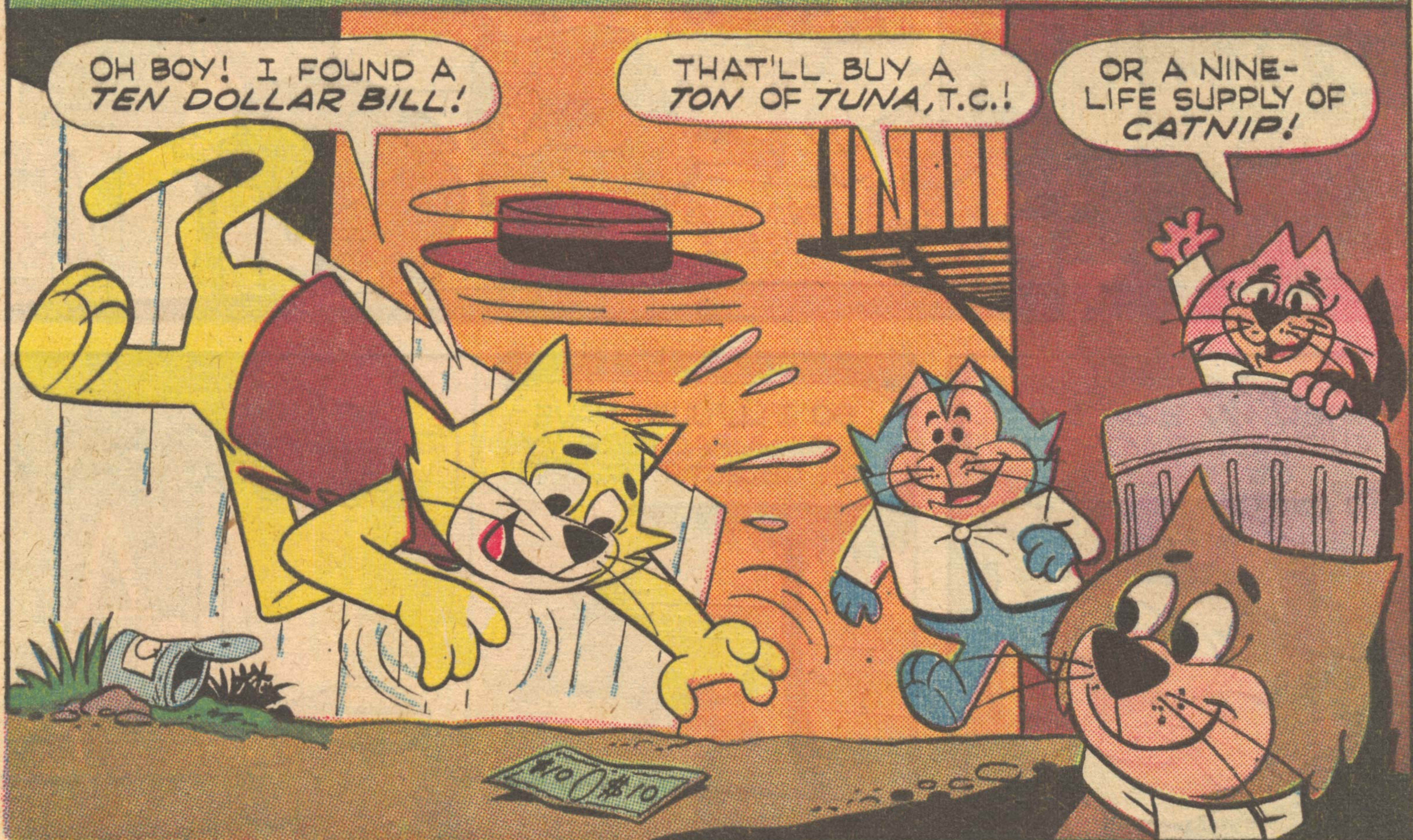
THIS DUMP-SITE
IS JUST THE
PLACE FOR US!

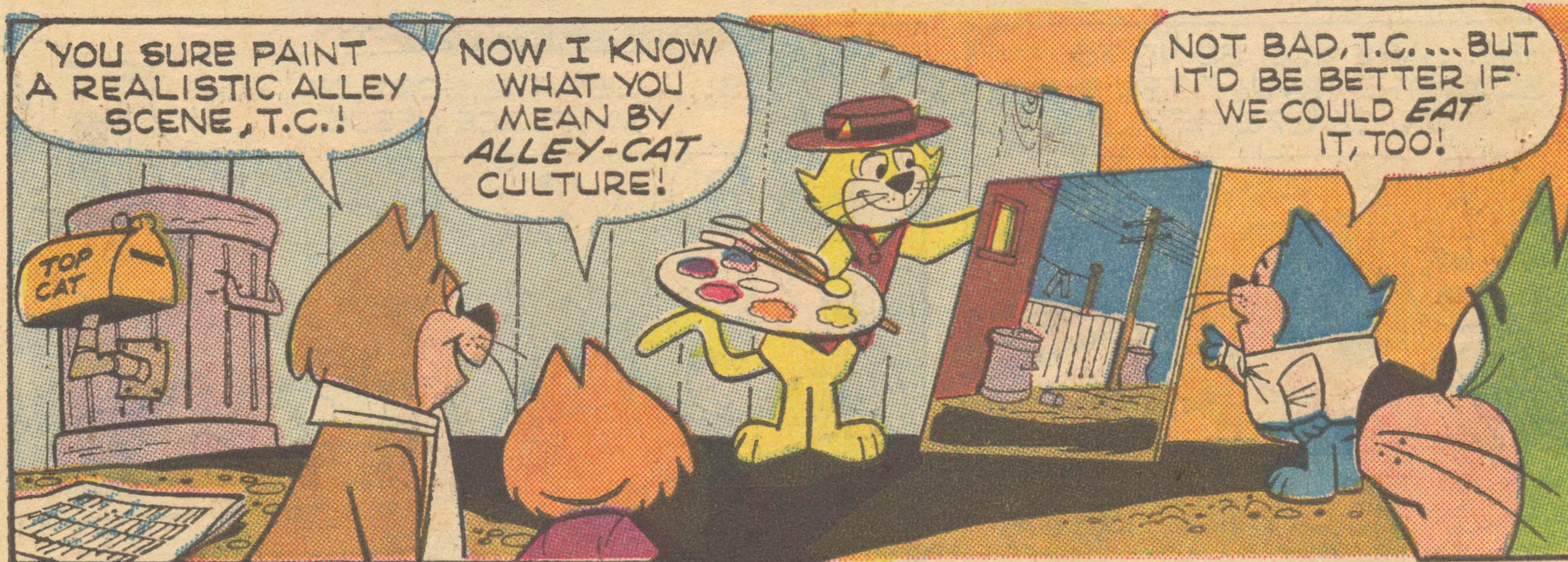
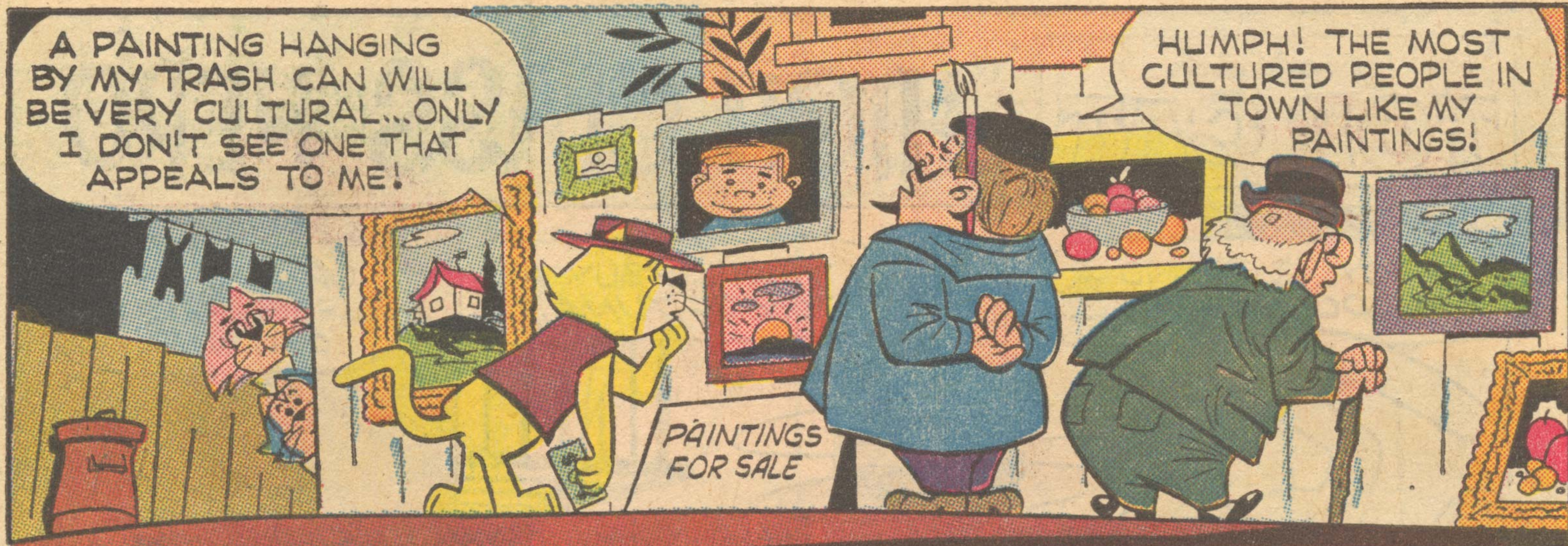
IT'S FULL OF *TREASURES*...
LOOK, A PRE-WAR GLOOPER-
SOUP LABEL FOR MY
COLLECTION!

HEH! I GUESS
YOU COULD CALL
THIS PLACE
*TRASHER
ISLAND!*

SO
HOMEY!

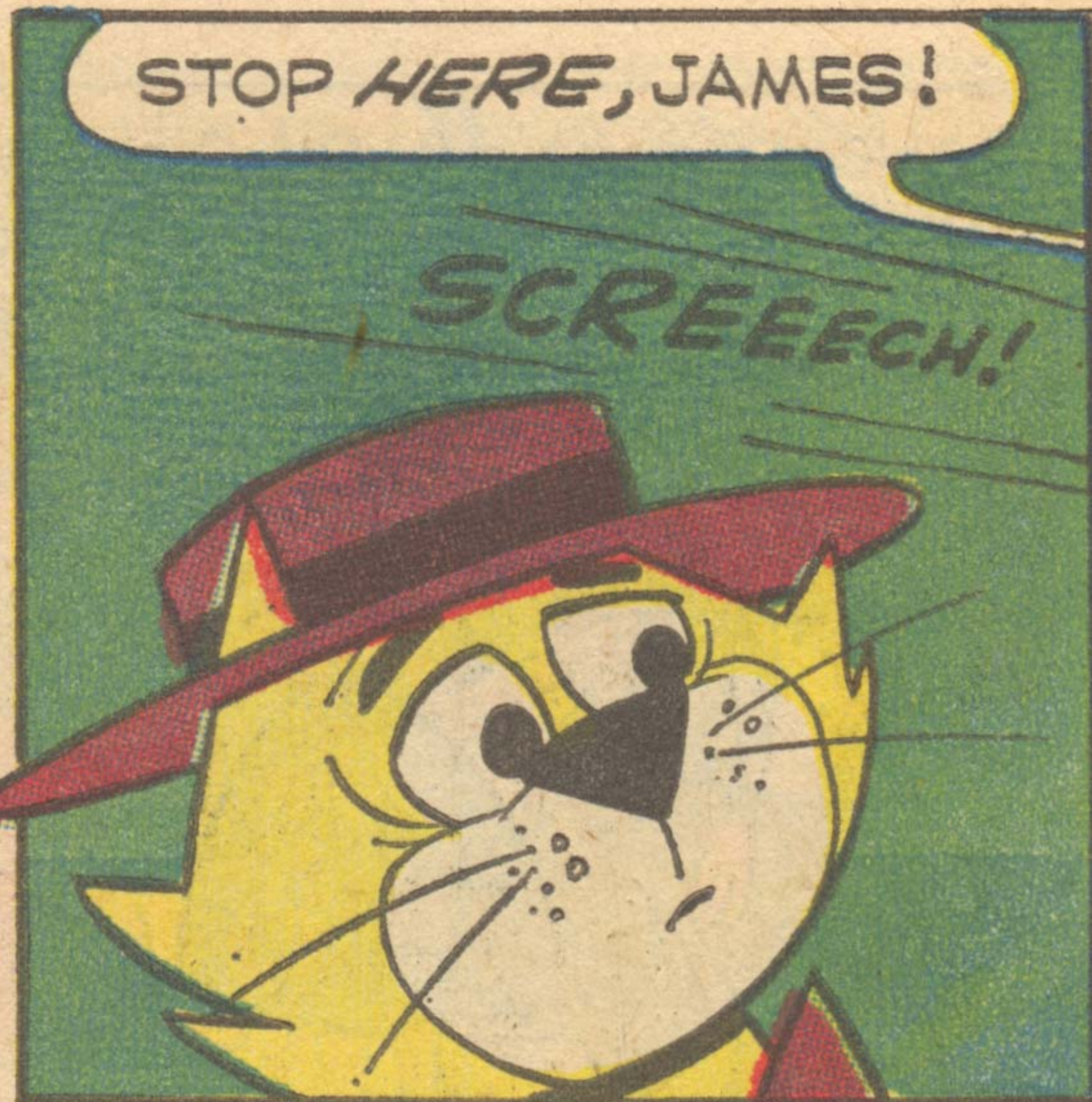
The End





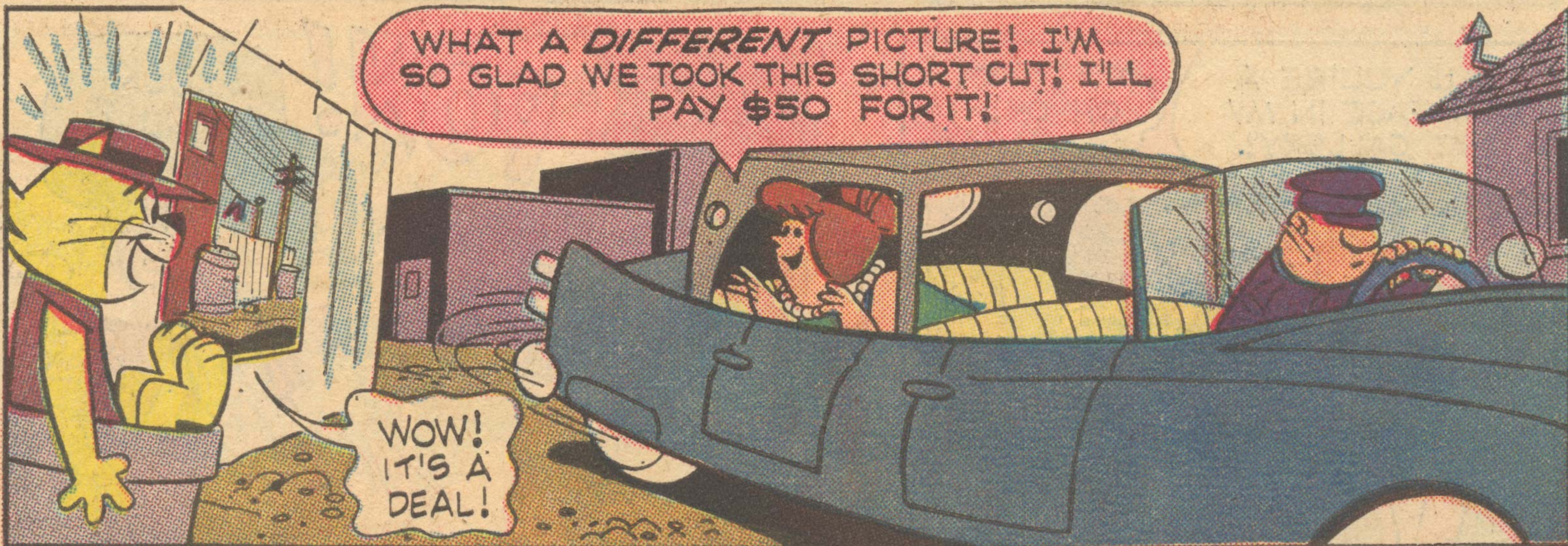


AH-H! NOW TO RELAX AND BASK IN A CULTURAL SETTING...



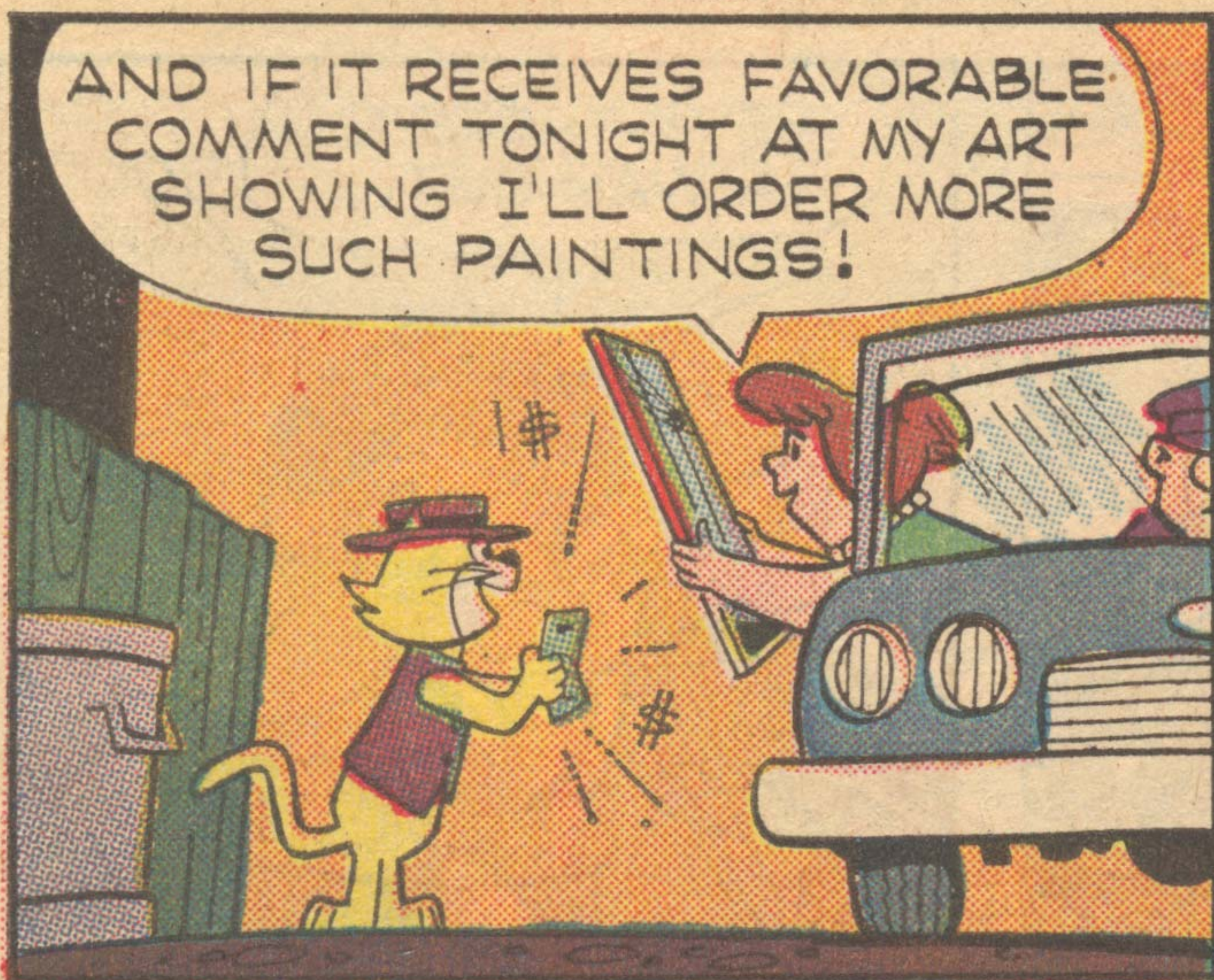
STOP HERE, JAMES!

SCREEECH!



WHAT A DIFFERENT PICTURE! I'M SO GLAD WE TOOK THIS SHORT CUT! I'LL PAY \$50 FOR IT!

WOW! IT'S A DEAL!



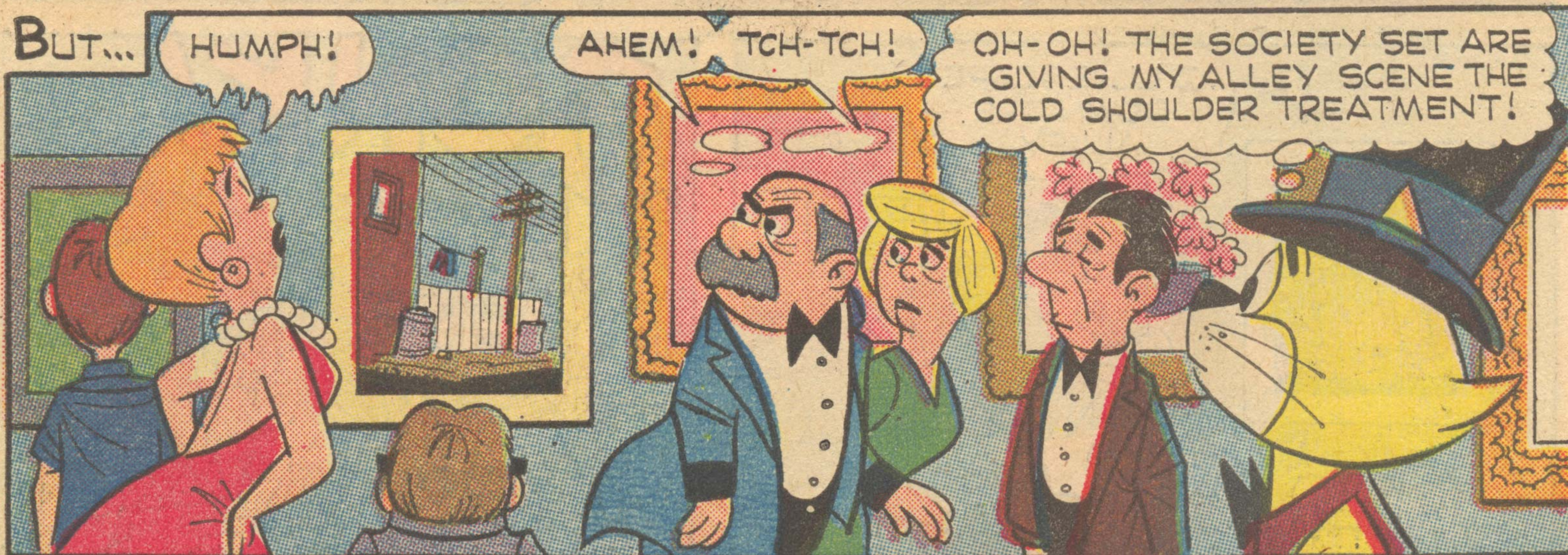
AND IF IT RECEIVES FAVORABLE COMMENT TONIGHT AT MY ART SHOWING I'LL ORDER MORE SUCH PAINTINGS!



AND THAT NIGHT...

HEH! I'M GOING TO MRS. UPDELADDER'S SHOWING TO SEE HOW MY PAINTING GOES OVER!

CULTURE IN HIGH GEAR!



BUT...

HUMPH!

AHEM! TCH-TCH!

OH-OH! THE SOCIETY SET ARE GIVING MY ALLEY SCENE THE COLD SHOULDER TREATMENT!

